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THE FUGS

ROBERT HULL on VIDEO ROCK

THE SPOONS



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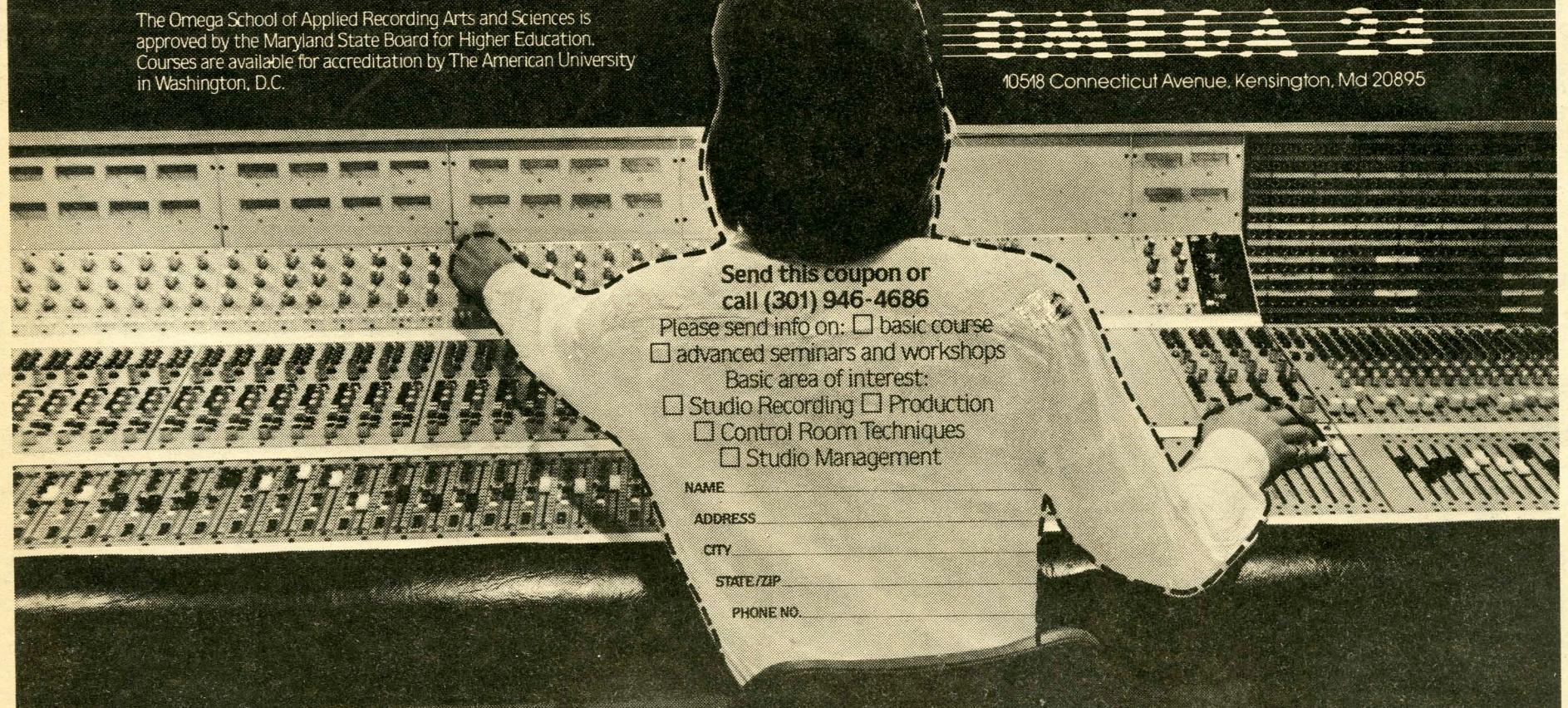
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THIS MONTH



SAM GILLIAM/18

by Jim Hettinger

It has been years since Sam Gilliam emerged as one of Washington's preeminent artists and he's now earning international recognition for his ability to "extend traditions without imitating them." This month the Corcoran Gallery is featuring a major exhibition of his work, yet he says, "I don't feel I've begun... my real career is ahead."

THE FUGS/14

by Eddie Bronx

The Fugs are back! Sort of... er, maybe... well, probably not. Anyway, the fun Ed has with revisiting the era of his innocence is infectious in this stroll through the "Mother of Slums, nurturer of three generations of Jewish entertainers, and refuge of beatniks, poets, speed freaks, and other realized beings."

LENE LOVICH/16

by Brian McGuire

The music on her records sounds like "new wave filtered through a Weimar-period Berlin music hall." She has become known for the droll theatricality of her performances and her other-worldly attire. Still, she protests, "I don't think that I'm weird."

DEPARTMENTS

LIVE ACTION/10

Charles McCarell checks in with his account of the big event last month, **Laurie Anderson's United States: Parts I-IV**; Michael Salkind reviews another hardcore show at the 9:30, this one featuring **Hate From Ignorance, Meatmen, Faith and Necros**; Art Funk covers **The Acrylix** and **Type-O** are reviewed by John Scheinman.

ART BEAT/22

What better use could be made of an empty building than to turn it into an art exhibit? Here's hoping the idea of **The Ritz** catches on. Commentary by

Gwynelle Dismukes; photos by Steve Figliozzi.

ON THE SCREEN/24

Night of the Shooting Stars highlights this month's film page, receiving high marks from reviewer Darick Allan. Rosie Rexach calls **Street Music** a lesson for Hollywood... "a film with superb acting, great script and high production values" on a shoestring budget. **The King of Comedy** gets the dog of the month award

TALKING FURNITURE/28

This month Eddie Bronx takes a look at newcomer to the FM dial, **WDCU**, and

TRU FAX and THE INSANIACS/13

by Charlie Berman

Three years ago The Insaniacs were selected by *The Washingtonianas* the city's worst band—a badge they wore proudly. They've survived; thrived even. Today? "We occupy our own warped little niche."

THE SPOONS/12

by Khaaryn

Who else but a Canadian would say "Being a musician is like being a hockey player." Just the same, this four-member group from Toronto believes they'll make the grade because "we don't sound like a Canadian band."

RED HOT/7

by Robert A. Hull

MTV and rock video is sweeping the country by storm and being heralded as the face of pop-music future. But is it a step up or down the evolutionary ladder?

THE CRAMPS/15

by Joe Sasfy

While their record output has been curtailed due to legal hassling with their label, IRS, the Cramps have been far from dormant. Joe Sasfy talked to Lux after their recent appearance at Nightclub 9:30 where "the crowd melted into that protoplasmic, undulating blob that only the Cramps can create."

RONNIE GILBERT/11

by Lynn Crawford

The blacklisting of the early '50s brought an abrupt halt to the ascent of The Weavers, of which Ronnie Gilbert was an original member, but it didn't stop Gilbert. She went on to a solo recording career and acting, and is now touring with feminist songwriter Holly Near.

LOST SOULS/8

by Joe Sasfy

This month's glimpse into rock and roll past focuses on that "bizarro alternative to Little Richard," Esquerita,

THE THOMPSON TWINS/17

by Khaaryn

The Thompson Twins know a good thing. The group, from Sheffield, England, has avoided being fashionable, "because if you're incredibly fashionable, then you're out six months later. We're making a living out of music... we want to keep on doing it."

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Cover photo: Becky Hammel

talks to station director Godwin Oyewole.

IN PRINT/29

Howard Wulfing roughs up Mandy Aftel and her "indigestible and esthetically indefensible" biography of Brian Jones, **Death of a Rolling Stone**.

ON STAGE/30

One of California's most accomplished acting teachers demanded that his students refrain from acting during the weekend workshop he recently conducted here. William Triplett learned why in his conversations with the engaging Eric Morris.

Also this month, we happily mark the return to these pages of the seemingly tireless Emily Kane, who will be covering the local theater scene for win coming issues.

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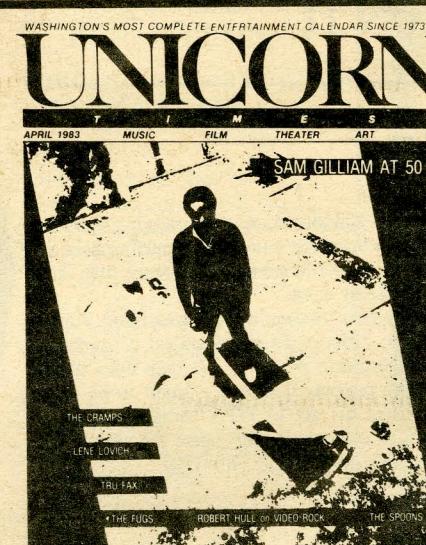
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SHORT NOTICE

MON 4

Tonight, 7:30 pm at the Ritz (920 F St. NW), Nancy Ballew stages a '60s-style event in which a whole host of locals wearing white will squirt each other with water pistols full of brightly colored liquid goop. The all-star cast includes Jared (poet), Wanabe vocalist with her real-live baby doll Mowgli, Sally Berg (drummer), Rene Farkass (artiste), and you'll be sure to know at least a few others. Wow, man psychedelic....it's called *Shot With Color*.

THU 7

For those of you who simply haven't been the same since the demise of *Return to Forever*, cheer up. For one night you can have your music and memories too. Chick and crew will be bringing those compositions, not to mention all those chops, to the stage of Constitution Hall. But be sure to listen and listen well, you wistful fusions, for this aggregation of talent will not set foot on the performing stage ever again.

THU 7 & FRI 8

The N.Y. Improvisers Festival, produced by Jim Sivard, can be experienced tonight at The Ritz and tomorrow night at the Eighteenth Street Studio. The improvisation is based on the use of constantly shifting tones, melodic fragments and rhythms as elements with which to develop the performance. Theatrics and humor also contribute to the style.

Performing will be Leslie Dalaba on trumpet, Christian Marclay on turntables, Charles K. Noyes on drums, percussions and saw, Elliot Sharp on guitar and reeds, and Jim Sivard on reeds and percussion. For more information call 387-3870.

FRI 8 & SAT 9

If you missed them last January don't do it again. New Grass Revival has four of the hottest instrumentalists anywhere; fiddle and mandolin genius Sam Bush, bassist extraordinaire John Cowan, Pat Flynn who sounds like a rock'n'roll Doc Watson and banjo master Bella Fleck. These guys play psychedelic bluegrass with bits of jazz, folk and country thrown in and their shows are always exciting! At the Birchmere tonight and tomorrow night.

SAT 9 & SUN 10

Steve Boom, formerly the percussionist for the avant-jazz group Natural Bridge, and co-director of D.C. Wheel Productions, has formed a new combo called Crux for a special performance this weekend at the Dance Place. Crux represents the intersecting of cultural forces within the various artists performing—Kevin Campbell on bass, Julian and Kathy Gerstein on percussion and vocals, and Bloom on percussion, keyboards and vocals—a fusion of performance art, rock music, jazz and poetry. 462-1321.



SUN 10

Never before in the annals of pop music has there been anything quite like *The Birthday Party*.

Melbourne (Australia) didn't understand them...

England's avant-garde adored them... Is America ready for...

"RELEASE THE BATS! RELEASE THE BATS! DON'T TELL ME THAT IT DOESN'T HURT!!!"

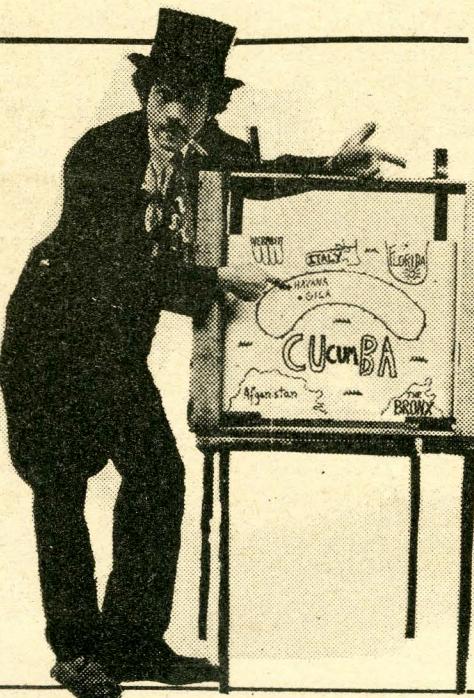
O.K., I won't!

At the 9:30 Club—attend at your (sanity's) own risk.

MON 11

Paul Zaloom is rapidly emerging as a kind of surreal humorist wunderkind performance artist who works in junk. Aside from that, he's a very funny man.

A ten-year veteran of the Bread and Puppet Theater, Zaloom animates objets d' garbage, turns them into puppets, and then does things with the puppets that really ought to be seen. He brings his act to WPA tonight as part of District Curator's Performance Art series. For more information call 783-0360.



SUN 10

Anyone as sadly underrepresented on record as Sheila Jordan deserves to be seen. True, there are those records with the Steve Kuhn Quartet, marvelous all, but as any true lover of jazz knows, it's a music that deserves to be heard live. And as any fan of Sheila's will tell you, she has to be heard to be believed. With bassist Harvie Schwartz.

At the Corcoran Gallery, as part of their *American Popular Song* series.

FRI 15

Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert have been doing a lot of collaborating lately, including a national tour culminating in a live album. Tonight they can be seen together at Lisner Auditorium along with Jeff Langley on piano and Susan Freundlich interpreting for the hearing impaired. See the article on Gilbert in this issue for more details or call (202) 626-1000 for ticket info.

FRI 15

Certainly some of you remember "Teddy Bear's Picnic" and "House at Pooh Corner." Well, those were both classics by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, whose original core line-up appears tonight at the Colony Ballroom at the University of Maryland's College Park Campus. The band is primarily known for its eclecticism, so you'll undoubtedly hear bluegrass, folk, country, cajun and even some good old rock'n'roll.

FRI 15

The Dance Exchange presents an exciting evening of exchange entitled *Pairing Up and Pairing Down* with Helen Rea and Don Zuckerman in a duet; Tish Carter and Nancy Galeota of "New Moves"; Debra Karrer and Teddy Klaus doing "Triple Time"; and a number of other local artists, including Cathy Paine, Isabel-Lee Malone (co-director of Open Studio, and an accomplished actor), and Diane Floyd. Rea and Zuckerman, both on the faculty of Dance Exchange formed "Duets, Etc." last summer, to present solo and duet repertory by a variety of choreographers that offer the stylistic demands of a diverse repertory of dance. They perform works by New Yorkers Hannah Kahn and Marta Renzi, and D.C. choreographers Liz Lerman, Sally Nash, and Cathy Paine. Tonight, the duo will perform a fun, casual dance about the rehearsal process, choreographed by Cathy Paine. At 8 pm; 783-8900.

MON 18

In the name of... The Thompson Twins (all three of them). With one of the most colorful, dazzling stage productions to emerge from England's synth pop movement, the Twins will electrify the Ontario with their African-inspired, incurably danceable beat.

With Nona Hendryx opening. Call 983-1175 for info.

Contributing to Short Notice this month are:
Khaaryn Goetzl, Reuben M. Jackson, Emily
Kane, Michael Leclair, and Ken Roseman.

TUE 19

You can relive those golden years of protest folk with one of that era's greats; Tom Paxton tonight at the Birchmere. Funny thing is, his songs are just as relevant now as they were then. Paxton's new album *Even A Grey Day* was just released by Flying Fish.

WED 20

The Windham Hill label, based in California, produces music best described as either folk for jazzers or jazz for folkies. It's all well crafted subtle stuff that demands careful listening. Several of the label's leading lights; George Winston, Alex Degrassi and Liz Story appear tonight at the Wax Museum in a special Windham Hill sampler.

SAT 23

Tonight's the next to last night of the **RITZ** extravaganza, so be sure to check out the performances at 920 F Street, starting round about 7 pm. We hear the **Impossible Theatre**, from Baltimore, will be performing a mystical theatrical synthesized piece call "Doppelganger in 3-D", which hopefully will project

holographic images all around the performers searching for their "doubles", or otherwise misplaced identities. Also on tonight, Red Light Theatre presents a quasi-pornographic, Raymond Chandler-esque radio play replete with sound effects and sleazy costumes.

SUN 24 - SUN 1

It's National Dance Week! In celebration, the Joy of Motion, with the YWCA Arts (624 9th St., NW) presents an all day event including workshops, film/video/photo displays and performances on Sunday, May 1 at the downtown Y. Over 25 dance companies from the D.C./Baltimore area will present a unique and exciting array of performances, spotlighting both leading and emerging artists, including Diane Floyd and Saturday Company, Ava/Teri Dancetheatre, Andrew Cacho & African Drummers, Beth Easterly & Current Company, and the Arlington Ballet. Scheduled from 2 pm to midnight. More info at 638-2100.

SAT 30

The Dance Place, 242 18th St., NW, offers its annual **Open Choreographers Forum**, starting at 8 pm. Included on the program are works by Jeff Bliss, Robert Epstein, Sharon Wyrick, and

more.



WED 13 & THU 14

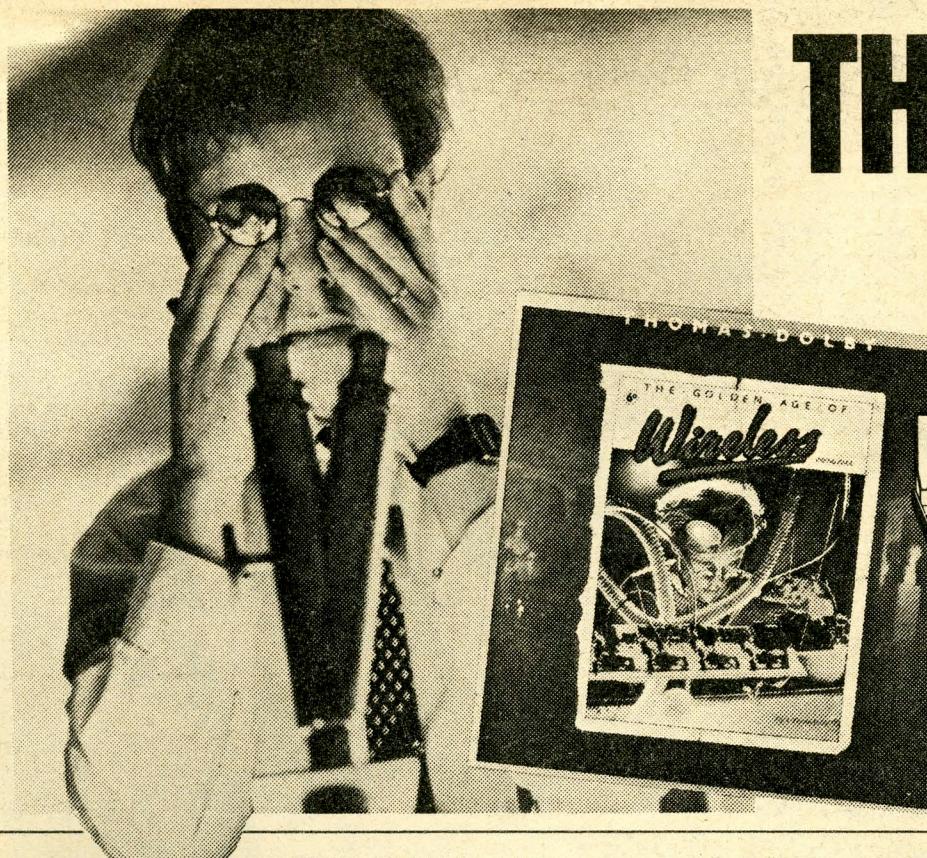
Alive! seems to breed positive response

wherever they play. You could just say that it's a natural consequence of such swinging, multidirectional material and talented musicians. Their albums tell but a fraction of the story; the other half will be presented at Blues Alley, and you are invited to check out a chapter or two.

DOLBYVISION!

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18 Double Standard
19 TBA
20 Charlie Harley & The Avenue Boys
21 TBA
22 Rythmn Masters
23 Harry Trayhnam & Pylot
25 Double Standard
26 Harry Trayham & Pylot
27 Harry Trayhnam & Pylot
28 TBA
29 & 30 Midlife Crisis

ARTIE'S
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RED HOT

MTV: Television as Muzak

by Robert A. Hull

"Perhaps the most consistent and significant theme, across all television genres, is also the simplest: the 'latest' fashions in consumer goods are highly desirable and should be purchased." —Paul M. Hirsch, "The Role of Television and Popular Culture in Contemporary Society"

Music Television (MTV), backed by twenty-million dollars of the Warner Amex Satellite Entertainment Company, debuted on August 1, 1981; the money financing the enterprise is hardly a modest sum, but even so, MTV's present estimated audience of more than 9.5 million in less than two years is nothing to shrug off. Further, its viewers are diverse, ranging from my nine-year-old son to suburban middle-class adolescents to young adults who gather at hip clubs like the 9:30 to dance and watch images of the latest burnouts imported from England. I, however, am not a member of its loyal audience; in fact, I would be overjoyed if the thing were suddenly wiped off the face of the Earth. This is not because I am getting old and feeling nostalgic for the era of *Shindig* and *Hullabaloo*; nor is it because I am not fond of some of the groups MTV selects to display heavily. What I cannot tolerate about MTV is its very form (or rather, its formlessness), and what scares me is its impact.

Men at Work, Stray Cats, Flock of Seagulls, Duran Duran—these are rock groups so bland they should have been buried last year, but each had elements in their videos which helped push them to the top of the national charts. In their videos, the Stray Cats strut on what appears to be the same cartoonish set that Sha Na Na uses on their syndicated series, depicting a 1950's alley. Moreover, the Stray Cats are not unlike Sha Na Na: they have an identical feel for the music they are so shrewdly trying to recreate—that is, "hey, fellas, let's sound like the fifties!" Their music never goes beyond this, but their videos do. The camera picks up every pseudo-cool nuance of their neo-rockabilly style; the pompadour, the tattoo, the sneer. Put simply, the image obfuscates the music.

"Hey, fellas, let's sound like the fifties!"

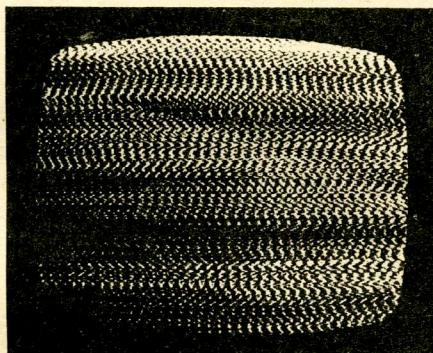
If, however, we were to play a record by the Stray Cats right after one by Carl Perkins, the issue would be immediately resolved: we would know what rockabilly meant. But the fact is that the Stray Cats have catalogued those visual elements which we have come to view as "rockabilly" and with these accumulated clichés, have constructed a facade. Sha Na Na is a more honest conception—at least they reveal to us that they're a comedy act.

Yet, this is only one of the many examples of how current rock groups, because of MTV, are tempted to exploit visual tricks in order to get their music heard, and I think the problem is boiling down to the old war between style and content. Where would Flock of Seagulls be without those silly hairdos? Men at Work without Australia?

Basically the record companies provide MTV with two types of video clips—concert and conceptual. I can't think of any of the former that I find worthy of attention, but in the latter type, style nearly always negates the message, and this I find most disturbing. With a few exceptions (Captain Beefheart, Tom Tom Club, Laurie Anderson—generally, those artists who are concepts or have been dealing with conceptual art for years), the conceptual rock videos employ images which will appeal to the pubescent male. Scantily clad females cavort through a "plot" of windblown curtains and guitars crashing through assorted props. Often the images are straight out of slasher movies, the fantasy world of today's adolescents: a flashing knife/wet red

lips/a crouching female/the knife hurling/water splashing in slow motion/a heavy-metal moron stroking his guitar.

After all, MTV is nothing more than a series of commercials. It has become a powerful force in the record industry because record companies have learned that it *does* break acts; hence, most of the videos on MTV are not examples of visual art but mindless narratives using the language of commercial television. What's worse if rock videos add a dimension to the record they are promoting, it is generally a distorted one. Consider the marvelously entertaining video of Donald Fagen's "New Frontier." With an acute sense of irony, the song explores the naivete of the early-60's. The video, on the other hand, by relying on visual artifacts of the '60s to make the point, seems to lightheartedly celebrate the Cold War era.



But not only do video promos tell you what to buy, they also tell you what to dream. For the consumer, they fabricate the aura surrounding a phonograph record. The meaning you may have found in a good record—say, Michael Jackson's Billie Jean—is obliterated by what is presented as a "stronger" meaning, one more visual and more apt to sell records. This overriding meaning has a common audience (we now have *all* seen the marketed dream), and thus, the record no longer has any personal meaning for you, and in its packaged visual form, no longer even means what the artist originally intended. To call MTV inherently fascist would not be an exaggeration of its intent.

But the main problem with MTV is that it is an ill-defined form. The Music Television Network claims to be radio with pictures. In truth, it owes a little to two forms of media—the radio, and the phonograph record—and a whole lot to one—television. Although it may pretend to be something else entirely, something new, MTV chiefly uses the language of television, particularly the techniques of commercials, to exhibit its merchandise. As anybody who has passed McLuhan 101 knows, a hot medium like radio can never completely merge with a cool medium like TV.

Videos do not add an extra level of meaning but actually detract from the one already present.

In other words, with the assistance of MTV, the Stray Cats had a national number one album. Does this mean that they're a hot new rock and roll group on the horizon? Not in the least: all it means is that the Stray Cats are a very hot television series, right up there with *Dallas*.

In this brief diatribe, I have not even gone into the obvious sexist imagery of most rock videos; I have not even touched upon MTV's most heinous crime: racism. As for those who argue that the video promos add a new dimension to the phonograph record, I can only say that my feelings are that the videos do just the opposite: they distort original intentions and distance the artist even further from his audience. They do not add an extra level of meaning but actually detract from the one already present. The authenticity of the phonograph record is removed, and with it, its authority as an historical fact and its uniqueness as a work of

art. Its very presence in time and space is trivialized within a continuing series of ongoing commercials. The object of the phonograph record—its message reproduced in visual terms—is then detached from the domain of tradition; its function is only to complement the visual marketplace. The perfect horror story has arrived: the advertisement becomes more important than the product.

The music is trivialized within a continuing series of on going commercials.

If you still doubt this thesis, try to imagine videos by great American musical stylists before the advent of video rock. Using the same techniques employed today on MTV, how would Ernest Tubb come across? Or, Hank Williams? Howlin' Wolf? (More likely, he wouldn't even be allowed on the network.) Elvis Presley? (A foolish question.)

N.B. Not surprisingly, the only current rock and roll artist who has done it right is Bruce Springsteen. He does not even appear in the video of "Atlantic City," which consists of a collection of black-and-white shots of the New Jersey resort. Instead, the visuals complement the recording, not the other way around. But to expect the same from rock airheads marketing their acts via videos would of course be too much to ask.

Hot Stuff

1. Evan Johns and the H-Bombs: *17 Songs* (unreleased tape)
2. *The Trojan Story: Volume Two* (Trojan import 3LP set)
3. Dootz: "Acne" (Sky)
4. Willie Nelson: *Tougher Than Leather* (Columbia)
5. Dillinger: "Cocaine in My Brain"/"Funky Punk" (Bellaphon import 12inch)
6. Collins Kids: *Introducing Larry and Lorrie* (Epic)
7. Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band: *The Distance* (Capitol)
8. Michael Jackson: *Thriller* (Epic)
9. Neil Young: *Trans* (Geffen)
10. New Order: "Blue Monday" (Factory 12inch)
11. *What Goes On*, #3, published by the Velvet Underground Appreciation Society (Send \$3.75 today to: Mike Kostek, 5721 S.E. Laguna Ave., Stuart FL 33494.)
12. "Doo Wop"—the *Ambient Sound groups on Soundstage* (PBS)
13. Program and notes of Bill Landis for a New York Sleaze Festival (advertisement in the *Village Voice*, 1983 March 8, page 38)
14. Ray Charles: *Wish You Were Here Tonight* (Columbia)
15. Dream Syndicate: *The Days of Wine and Roses* (Ruby/Slash)
16. Chic: *Tongue in Chic* (Atlantic)
17. *Soweto Compilation* (Rough Trade import)
18. *The Nairobi Sound—Acoustic and Electric Guitar Music of Kenya* (Original Music)
19. John Cale: *Music for a New Society* (ZE/Passport)
20. The Shaggs: *Shaggs' Own Thing* (Red Rooster/Rounder)

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Robert A. Hull has been writing professionally about rock and roll in countless publications for a long, long time; he has been a contributing editor at *Creem* for over a decade and is considered by many to be one of the finest rock writers in America.

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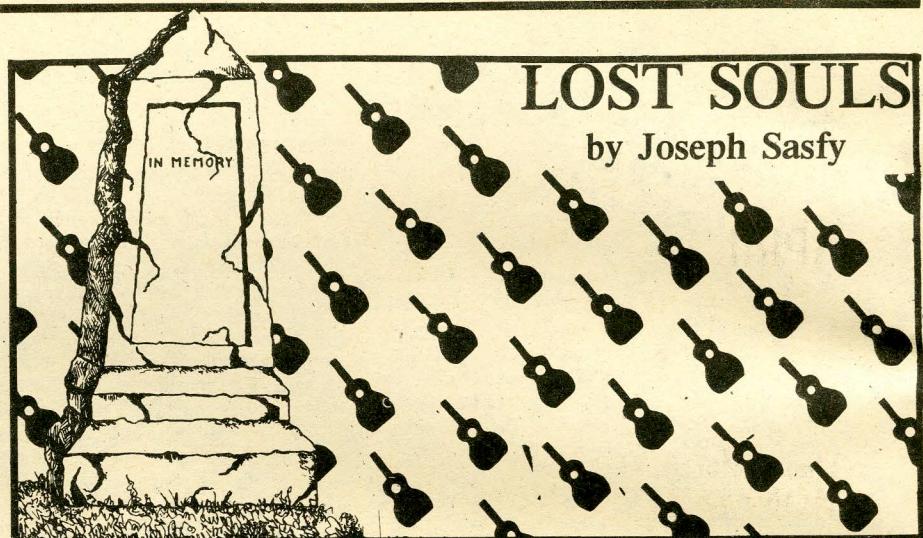
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LOST SOULS

by Joseph Sasfy



ESQUERITA

When Capitol Records tried for their own Elvis Presley, they ended up with a less talented, but nonetheless authentic rockabilly alternative named Gene Vincent. When they tried for their own Little Richard, they ended up with a freakish primitive named Esquerita whose Little Richard takeoffs were so cacophonous, discordant and unrestrained that they alone may have driven Mr. Penniman to the ministry.

Esquerita, really Eskew Reeder, was born in Greenville, South Carolina, where he was discovered by another resident, Paul Peek of Gene Vincent's Blue Caps. Eager to sell some of Little Richard's patented sound, Capitol signed Eskew and during 1958-1959, three singles and one album, *Rockin' The Joint*, were released. The sound of these records are best described as a bizarro alternative to Little Richard, meaning hammered off-key 88's, unrefined sax breaks and Esquerita's screeching, raspy voice unpredictably flying into a tomcat falsetto.

As a matter of fact, the liner notes to his original album may describe him better: "His sensational music, just like everything about him, is truly the farthest out man has ever gone." No, no, come to think about it, rock historian Charlie Gillett may have put it even better: "Few of the records sounded like the band had ever played them before, and frequently most of the musicians took off on searing solos whose key and tempo were only vaguely connected to those of others in the band."

If that sounds good to you, you are blessed and you'll be happy to know a French double album, *Esquerita* (Capitol 25 150 85370/71), was released in 1979 and can still be found (with luck). It includes all of his Capitol releases, seven unreleased cuts, and my personal favorite, "Esquerita and the Voola." With only piano and drums, the song creates a weird, hypnotic rhythm over which Mr. Reeder lets loose with some truly scary voodoo wailing.

After the fifties, his career gets tough to follow. For the Instant and Minit labels, he recorded some good, but tame New Orleans' R&B with Allen Toussaint producing. Later sixties' singles popped up under the names, S.Q. Reeder and the Magnificent Malochi. A writer for the Little Richard fanzine, *Penniman News*, reported that in 1974, Es-



querita gave him and Little Richard a ride to the airport in NYC. After that, nothing's been heard.....

ROCK HISTORY COURSE BY DR. JOE SASFY

Our resident rockologist, Dr. Joseph Sasfy, will offer another of his much-heralded rock history courses for the Smithsonian this spring. The course, *The 100 Most Significant Records In Rock History: 1950-1980*, will examine most of the major artists, trends and styles in rock history through an in-depth analysis of a hundred rock music landmarks. Dr. Sasfy has promised

a provocative and controversial selection of significant records and swears that even disco and bubblegum will get their due.

The course will be taught in hour and a half segments, every Monday (except Memorial Day) from April 18 to June 6 at 6 pm. Call the Smithsonian at 357-3030 for registration information.

THE WORD

IMPORTUNING...Last month The Word urged No Excuses to mail a rather insulting surprise package to Ronald Reagan, our president. They declined to do so, however, reasoning that it would be a fruitless gesture since he might like it. They used the same reasoning to explain why they didn't want to send a Vodka bottle full of pee-pee to Yuri Andropov, their president. Instead, they sent him a copy of "Under the Gun," Their song about the repression of Solidarity.

All politics aside, No Excuses is headlining after only a month in the public eye.

RESURRECTION...The Insect Surfers are getting off their collective asses over the Easter holidays for a tour of the New York and New England areas, including a date opening for the Stranglers in New Haven and an appearance at the Ritz in New York City. They've also been asked by F.B.I. Booking to submit demo material to their New York offices.

LOUNGE LIZARDS..The new conversation pit at Nightclub 9:30 appears to have had

cont. on page 29

APRIL

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MONARCHS

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Thurs 7th
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THE RECLINERS**

Fri 8th & Sat 9th
DYNETTES

Thurs 14th
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Fri 15th & Sat 16th
DOWNTOWN

Wed 20th
RUMBLERS

Thurs 21st & Fri 22nd
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Fri 23rd
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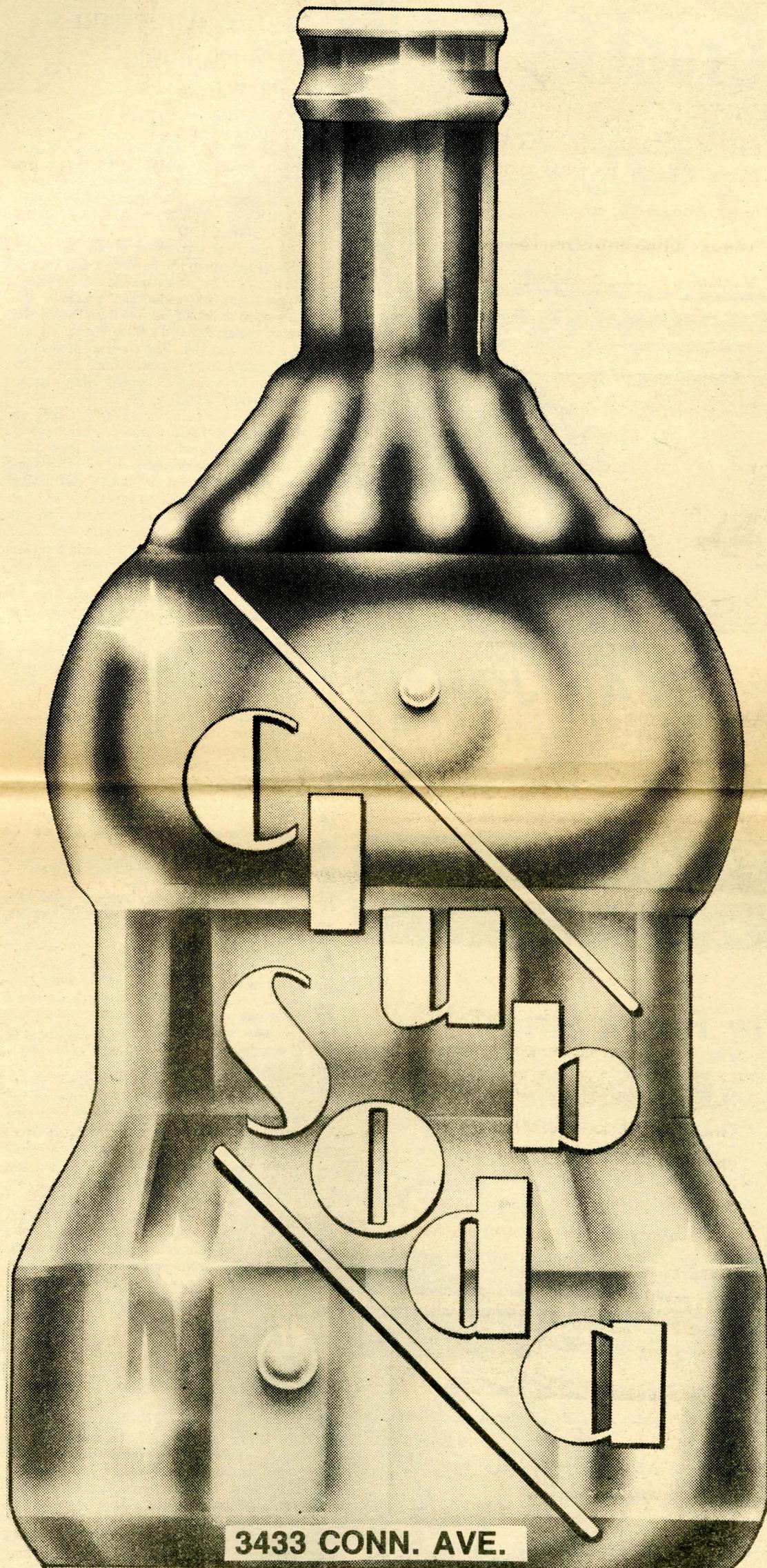
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- 14 Friday's Greenville, NC
- 15 Hardtimes, Richmond, VA
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- 23 Friendship Station
- 29 Fat Chance
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May 5 9:30 w/Rank n File

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LIVE ACTION

Laurie Anderson's "Big Science" at the Warner

Like an '80s version of T.H.E. Cat, a black-clad gamine slinks across the dimly-lit stage, reaches for her alabaster violin and proceeds to sing the virtues of walking her dog in a pixieish voice that mixes whines and nonsense syllables with an uncanny impersonation of Dolly Parton.

THIS IS YOUR COUNTRY AND WELCOME TO IT!

As the final installment of the 9th Street Festival sponsored by the WPAS and District Curators, Laurie Anderson and her entourage of musicians and technicians presented the multimedia technological American Dream, the *United States: Parts I-IV* at the Warner Theater March 9th and 10th. The six-hour production is a dazzling array of music, film, slides, cartoons, funny stories and electronic allsorts whose collage effect challenges the intellect.

Anderson's "performance art" makes no pretense of coherence. Curiosity seekers expecting a plot were sorely disappointed, for one has to suspend all preconceptions and go with Anderson's flow. Her style is intentionally disjunctive; she dares the audience to experience art, not analyze it. The aim is to bypass the brain and let art sneak in through the senses. This does not mean that her work is for Neanderthals. Rather, she intends the barrage of sounds and images to reach the audience on a "gut" level, similar to the process of free association.

CHAOS RATIONALIZED. BUT WILL IT PLAY IN PEORIA?

The impact of *United States* is cumulative. Simple elements stockpile to a grand and gloriously obtuse or amusing effect. Thus, after the first shocking voice distortion, the first bizarre screen projection, one is ready (but not always prepared) for the next event. The apparently haphazard arrangement of the production's 78 section for entr'actes is no longer important. Anderson can move from the silly French lesson to "O Superman (for Massenet)" in Part II, or from the Indian lament "Hey Ah" to a bagpipe solo in Part III without cause for alarm.

AFTEREFFECTS: EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK

Anderson uses effects, visual and aural, like toys. She wears white-out glasses and stumbles about the stage. She tootles on a toy sax. Amplified by a contact mike, she pounds her head with both fists, creating the hollowest-sounding head echo since Curley Howard took it on the noggin from Moe. Her amazing sense of humor and timing are at once naive and sophisticated. Should she ever choose to cash in her microchips and tinkering toys for stand-up comedy, look out Lily Tomlin!

What does all of this mean? Anderson invites the audience to read practically anything into her art. Icons (telephones, cars, airplanes) recur, but in ever-changing contexts. Perhaps the three-pronged electrical outlet symbol is the answer. This is the power source for synthesizers, voices altered to resemble Betty Boop or Lurch, graphics of every kind—in short, products of technology that make art truly malleable. And plastic art that packs 'em into the theaters and galleries makes big money and bigger reputations. Maybe she's onto something?

Charles McCardell

The Acrylix

at d.c. space

"America's best kept secret, you have no imagination." What, I thought everyone knew that.

These were some of the few lyrics I was able to hear from the Acrylix. It was my biggest complaint, as some of the dramatic aspects of the songs seemed to hang on hearing the words. Burning dollar bills and ripping a piece of paper apart lost their purpose without knowing what was behind those acts.

Most of the songs were solid, danceable rock laced with synthesizer washes and some stinging guitar hooks. It was more of an art influenced

music rather than the traditional guitar solo oriented music. However, when the band was concentrating on the dancing side of their music they were more effective than when delving into the artiness of it.

This was the first time I had ever heard the band live, and I've only heard one song previously, on the radio, called "Dancing in the Middle of Inflation." When the band did this song, they used it for maximum effect, as the crowd recognized it from the onset, by extending the song with a rhythmic excursion that was as surprising as it was complementary to the ambience of the song.

The Acrylix have some interesting textures moving through their songs though one thinks more color and texture could be wrenching out of their synthesizers. A few more variations in tempo and beat would also put more mileage into the songs, mind you, none of the dancing audience seemed at all concerned or displeased with these observations.

I talked to the band briefly, between sets and learned that this was their first live performance in a while since they've been in New York rehearsing and recording. They all agreed that despite some rough edges, it was a good night. They felt good on stage and were playing together well.

I expect their show will only get better and will soon have some new songs to plug into the sets. As this always seems to be an exciting period for a band, tis a good time to see and hear them. Eh?

Hate From Ignorance, Meatmen, Faith and Necros

at the 9:30 Club

Another hardcore matinee at the 9:30 Club has come and gone — this one featuring a variety of hardcore punk factions and illustrating the connection between the D.C. and midwest hardcore scenes as well — Faith and Hate From Ignorance are both from D.C., while the Necros are from Ohio. The Meatmen's present lineup consists of members of both places.

Hate From Ignorance started off the day. Recognized for a very vocal disdain of the D.C. hardcore scene, they unfortunately do not seem, at this point, to be offering an original alternative. Although very good musicians, their material seems to be derived from many hours of listening to records on the Crass label. The vocals, done by Monica, bore such a resemblance to those of Becky Bondage (vocalist for Vice Squad) that they often came off sounding like imitations. The songs contained very British sounding heavy bass and whiny guitar, and had a sameness which hopefully will decrease with familiarity. Right now the pomposity of the band does nothing to encourage further listening. The audience did not seem particularly interested one way or the other.

Then came the long awaited Washington debut of the Meatmen. This was also, incidentally, their last show. The only remaining original member of this Ohio band was Tesco Vee, vocalist and writer of all their material. Sunday's lineup included a rhythm section borrowed from Double O (Richard on drums, and Bert as 'Hadji briefs-too-small' on bass). On guitar was Lyle Preslar from Minor Threat — made up to be Boy Lyle, the punk answer to the Culture Club. With this lineup, the band not only was enjoyable, but for the first time they were musically good as well.

The Meatmen are punk by definition. Nothing is sacred or serious. The idea is to be offensive to the point of absurdity and anyone who becomes offended is showing an extreme lack of awareness. Their targets include homosexuality, heterosexuality, masturbation, reggae, The Beatles, intestinal parasites, and especially punk. Not since the Pork Dukes has there existed such a foul band.

Their set began with a trashing of the classic

cont. on page 29

RONNIE GILBERT

by Lynn Crawford

The McCarthy witchhunts of the 50's and subsequent blacklisting of many artists, musicians, and writers of the time did more to impede the progress of music and culture than can be calculated.

Among the victims of the purges were The Weavers — Pete Seeger, Lee Hayes, Fred Hellerman, and Ronnie Gilbert — The lively folk-singing quartet which found instant stardom with their 1950 hit "Goodnight, Irene" and brought folk music into the mainstream of popular American culture for the first time. But they were dropped by Decca Recording Studios, banished from clubs across the nation, they disappeared from the radio and had their contract for a weekly TV variety show cancelled — all because the House Committee on Un-American Activities dubbed their music "subversive." Even "Goodnight, Irene" was suspect because it was written by a black songwriter.

The recent film "Wasn't That A Time!", a documentation of their 1980 reunion concert at Carnegie Hall, has brought them back from relative obscurity and thrust them again into the national limelight. And it's not hard to understand why.

Apart from being at the roots of 60's folk rock and the role model for folk greats like Arlo Guthrie and Peter, Paul and Mary, folk is plain good music. The Weavers do it like nobody else can.

Interviewed in the film, Don McLean says of the Weavers, "They only sang those songs they related to in their lives...their music really stemmed from their beliefs as people." And that they did, even if it meant being blacklisted.

Ronnie Gilbert, the "soaring contralto" of the group, says, "We sang union songs and songs of hope in that strange time after World War II when the world already was preparing for Cold War."

"We felt that if we sang loudly enough and strongly enough and hopefully enough, that it would make a difference."

In her own lively way, Gilbert embodies the essence of the group with her exuberant, yet warm and personal outspokenness.

Gilbert was also a role model for present-day folksinger/activist Holly Near, a performer whose mixture of "political radicalism and mainstream musical wholesomeness" defy categorization. The two are touring together now and will perform April 15 (the show was sold-out a full month in advance, a second show has been added) at Lisner Auditorium, G.W.U. Says Near of Ronnie Gilbert, "She gave a whole lot of women permission to throw their heads back and sing at the top of their lungs."

In 1974 Near wrote on the back of her second album, "This album is dedicated to Ronnie Gilbert of the Weavers. A woman who knew how to sing and what to sing about." Gilbert's daughter saw the inscription and called her mother to find out if she knew who Holly Near was. Ronnie didn't, but after hearing the album, she got in touch with Holly and



the two have been friends ever since.

"It was like getting a letter from a friend I never knew I had," said Gilvert. "It was like discovering my own voice after a long silence."

Gilbert hasn't exactly been silent since the breakup of the Weavers. She recorded a solo album, "Alone with Ronnie Gilbert" (Mercury) and turned her attention to theater; or as she says, "that big stretch of open stage that we never used." Her theater credits include working with Harold Pinter on Broadway, Peter Brook in London and Paris, and civic theater in the mountains of Vancouver, British Columbia.

But political concerns have always remained a part of Ronnie Gilbert's life. Before she began singing with the Weavers in 1948, Ronnie was with a folk singing group here in D.C., called the Priority Ramblers who sang songs of social protest and for the war effort.

A daughter of immigrants, Ronnie did office work in New York for a while — helping to organize the Office Workers Union and worked for the Textile Workers Union. Her mother was the first to introduce her to politics through folk music — through "The Little Songbook" put out by the I.W.W. (International Workers of the World).

Lately, says Ronnie in the film, "I had my eyes opened in the last 10 years to my own place in the world — as a woman — not just as a singer. The person who opened me up to that was Holly Near."

The Weavers knew that they had to introduce some new songs into their concert repertoire for the reunion concert, "to show that we're still alive and kicking," said Fred Hellerman, another Weaver. So Ronnie's friend Holly Near provided them with a good place to start. The Weavers singing "Hay Una Mujer Desaparecida en Chile" (A woman has disappeared in Chile), a lament by Near on the fall of the Allende government, was one of the more gratifying moments of the concert and the film.

Gilbert admits that from the beginning she had reservations about the Weavers appearing together again in public. "Four decrepit folk singers come staggering out on stage?" she asks. "Wouldn't it be best just to leave it alone? Just let it be?"

But her conviction to make music and "the memory of how wonderful it was to sing with those guys won out," she said. "one more moment? It was just wonderful to think about."

If her performance at Lisner Auditorium with Holly Near in any way captures some of that gutsy, love for life feeling that came through in the Weavers reunion concert and in the film, it will be an evening not soon forgotten. Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert, together, combine the old with the new, the radicalism of the 40's with the progressiveness of the 80's, and remind us, as the Weavers used to sing, "We are travelling in the footsteps of those who've come before."

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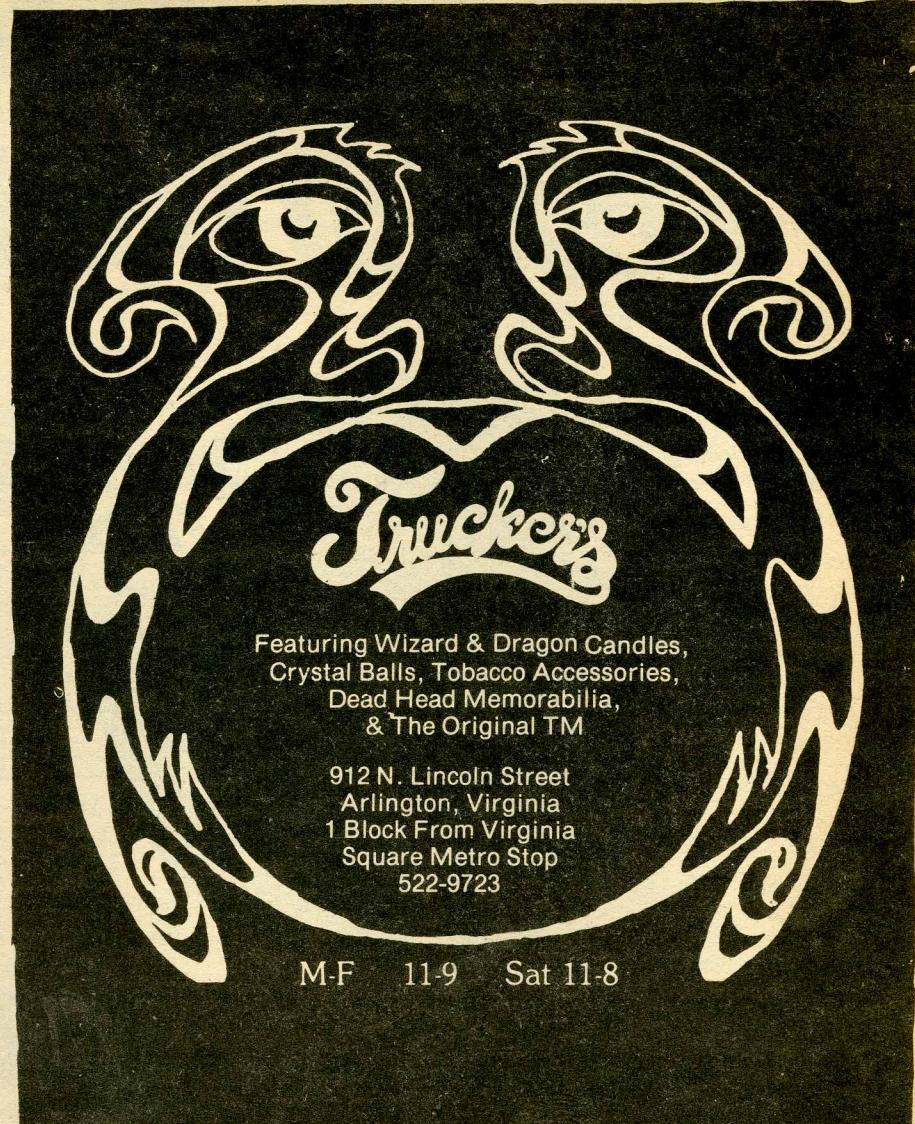
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Nourishment
From the North



The SPOONS

by Khaaryn

While England lapses into monotonous musical cynicism and the U.S. continues as musically undirected as ever, there remains the final pop frontier — that little-known cultural expanse which spreads out north of Buffalo...Canada.

After years of living on imports from its southern neighbor, the Canadian sod was broken by such progressive folk-rock geniuses as Joni Mitchell and The Guess Who. But the second generation of northern rockers — embodied by such long-haired noisemakers as Rush, Saga and Loverboy —

has lost the frontier spirit and perhaps even allowed the wilderness to creep back a little. Fortunately, pop musicians are once again striking out to claim new territory and the emergence of groups such as The Spoons may signal the beginning of a new wave of Canadian pioneers.

Formed three years ago, and undergoing a succession of Genesis-inspired incarnations, The Spoons cleverly hit upon a fail safe success formula that has made them nearly-Gold in their native land.

"We used to play a lot of progressive music," explains the band's guitarist, Gordon Deppe, "early Genesis-type music that nobody really appreciated. Epic length songs, lots of instrumentation, and so on. So what we did — which was really just a natural development — we just added a danceable rhythm. And suddenly we became popular."

Their popularity is leading The Spoons to the Juno awards — Canada's equivalent of Grammies — and also to tours in the U.K., Europe, Australasia, and Japan. But for all their "sudden" popularity, The Spoons don't believe they'll be just another "six month phenomenon."

"A lot of people say we sound like an English band — but I think it's just that we don't sound like a Canadian band. We just grew up with the same influences...the old European bands like Pete Hamill, Genesis — and I'm sure that bands like Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark and Ultravox grew up with them as well."

Sandy Horne, The Spoons' bassist explains what she thinks sets the band apart. "A lot of these electropop bands are buying synthesizers and rhythm machines, because the synthesizer can be a very easy instrument to play. If you want it to go 'digadigadigadigadig' you can just hit the pre-set and it sounds like you're playing really

fast. Also, a lot of bands will write songs where they just get the rhythm machine going and build the music on top..."

Gordon picks up her thought, "Whereas the synthesizer's always been part of our band — from the very first, we always had it. Like the guitar. The only thing we've added lately

The music is not the antiseptic electronic pulsing of so many of their contemporaries.

was the rhythm machine, which probably won't last with the band. It was really John Punter's (producer) input — he used it with Roxy Music, Japan. All the Spoons songs were without rhythm machines in the beginning. It was added in the studio as a coloring thing, really. We don't depend on it at all — because we've got the drums, and they're a total thing in themselves."

The Spoons' music is definitely not the antiseptic electronic pulsing of so many of their contemporaries. Rather, the melodies are rich and almost orchestrally-constructed. It isn't surprising that both Gordon and keyboardist Rob Preuss are classically trained — Gordon on guitar, Rob on piano.

"In our music it's not so obvious what sound is made by which instrument. At the same time, I hope people don't just think it's all kinds of overdubbing and going wild in the studio. Because it's not. It's really basic — everything just meshes together to sound very dense. We can reproduce everything live. The only thing we have on tape is the rhythm machine," comments Gordon.

Another aspect of The Spoons approach that sets them apart from so many of their British contemporaries is the fact that they are not

posers. That isn't to say they don't try to project an image — it's just that it's a very down-to-earth image.

Gordon elaborates "We have pretty regular lives at home. Mow lawns. Hang around the mall. We live in a very suburban area about 40 miles outside Toronto. We've all graduated college. I have a B.A. in Psychology. Sandy has a degree in computer operations. Derrick (drummer) in business, and Rob's just finished high school."

Sandy continues, "We thought it was important to finish up school so at least, if this band fails, we'd have something behind us."

Gordon smiles, "Not that I'd become a psychologist..."

Actually, neither Sandy nor Gordon foresee a time when they won't be doing something musical.

"I'd really like to get into other sides of music," Gordon says. "I've done a little bit of production — I don't know too much, but from just watching John Punter, and I know what sounds good. I'd like to get into doing film scores as well."

"But I really like performing...and I really like the studio. That's the nice thing: when you're performing, on tour, you can't wait to get back into the studio, but when you're in the studio, you can't wait to get out. You're never satisfied, so you never lose interest."

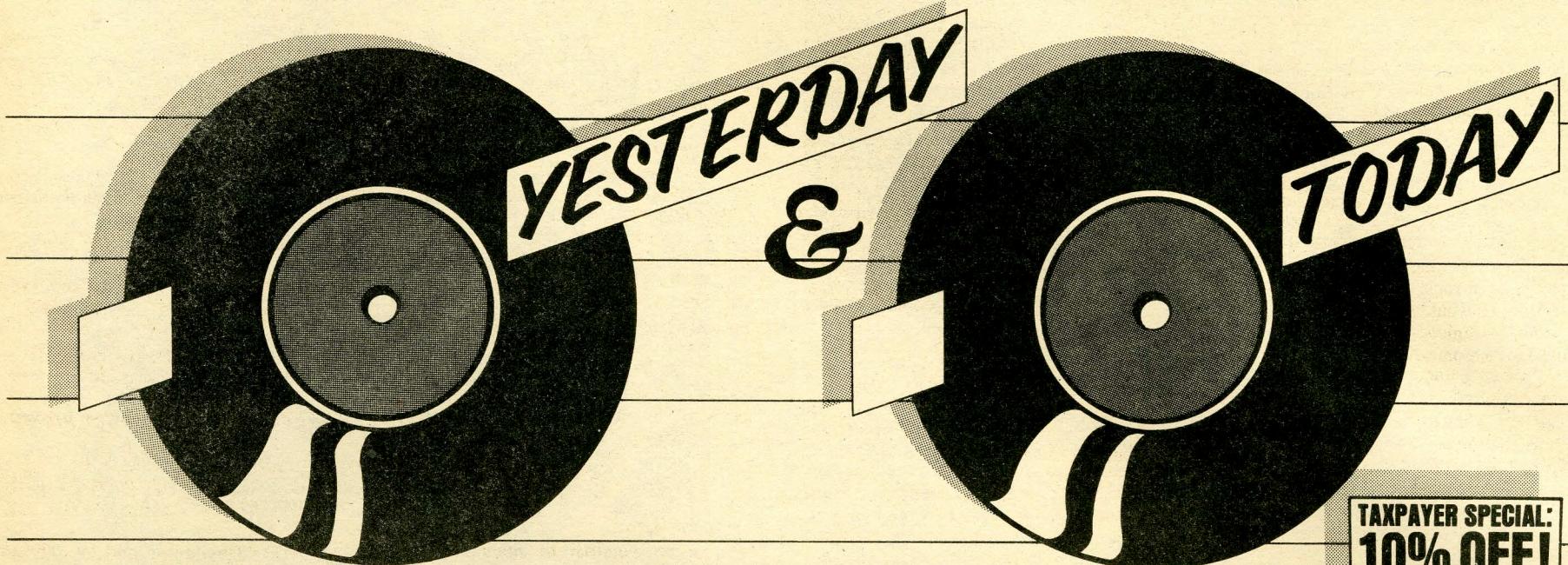
"Being a musician is like being a hockey player."

"In a way it's kind of sad too, I guess. It's like movie stars — they forget all the excitement of actually going to the movies. Once you're in the business, you look at it differently."

Sandy follows Gordon's thought, "Being a musician is like being a hockey player. You

cont. on pg. 38

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TRUE FACTS ABOUT TRU FAX



photo by Reid Baker

AND THE INSANIACS

by Charles Berman

Contrary to everything they say and do, it's possible that Tru Fax and the Insaniacs are finally serious. When the band started, they really didn't care whether audiences liked them or not. Audiences liked them. When they released "Mental Decay" last year, it was only for their own benefit, it mattered not if the homemade album sold at all. Now, it's virtually sold out.

So the Insaniacs — vocalist/guitarist Diana Quinn, guitarist David Wells, drummer Michael Mariotte and new bassist Bob Young — don't have any excuses left. They have developed their own unique persona, and there are no other bands — anywhere — who share their plugged-in eccentricity.

Self-effacing Wells says he doesn't see what all the fuss is about. He is sure, like in "the Emperor's New Clothes," that one day a wise child will come to one of their shows and say there is nothing there. The jig will finally be up. Until that time, scores of Washingtonians will come out for their fractured, unpolished performances — proof that you can take a band out of the basement, but you'll never remove the exuberance and fury that caused them to pick up their instruments in the first place.

Q: Are your songs about anything?
A: Yes. About three minutes long.

Five years ago, oddly enough, Quinn had little knowledge of or interest in rock and roll. Proficient at lute and guitar, she had recently graduated from college. She worked at the now-defunct Saville Books, along with Harrison Fisher, a part-time poet and subsequent Insaniac lyricist. After a while, Fisher introduced her to a friend of his, David Wells.

Wells and Quinn Hit It Off, and in time they were not only sharing a house on Jenifer St. but he was convincing her to play electric rhythm guitar and join the basement band world he had inhabited since high school. "I was always nervous when I performed on classical guitar," Quinn recalled. "But somehow I knew what I would play would be exceptional. In rock, you're never sure it'll come off. You wouldn't believe how different the same instrument can be."

An ad for a roommate, pleading for "Devo, not Disco," was answered by Michael Mariotte, who had paid his basement band dues on organ and guitar. Although they had never met, Quinn and Mariotte had attended Antioch at the same time. And Wells, listening to voices known only to himself, talked Mariotte into playing drums.

They couldn't stay in the basement forever,

in early 1979 decided to go public. With the first of their four bass players, they booked themselves into Mota's and Madame's Organ, showplaces of the emerging D.C. punk scene. At the latter, they met local music ayatollah Bill Asp, who soon became their manager.

Asp, since then, has pushed them toward their successes and helped them weather the to-be-expected failures. This hasn't always been easy, the band is one that has yet to commit itself fully to the pursuit of success. They often fail to follow the course Asp has mapped out for them. The conflict was finally resolved when Wells, at a 1982 barbecue, instructed Asp to "just think of us as a serious hobby." According to Quinn, there have been "no big fights since then."

The Insanics have bounced through diverse



photo by Reid Baker

phases and changed, but they have always been a band that could only hail from Washington. Unabashedly irreverent and highly political, their originals focus on the peculiarities of capitol life and are laced with the jaded outlook that results from proximity to big government. Asp feels that national record companies harbor a prejudice against D.C. bands, and when a group flaunts their Washingtonia, the chance of a slice of the national pie becomes smaller.

Asp calls their near-annual change of bass players "epochal," adding "each time they've changed bass players they've improv-

ed as a band. They've increased their popularity and proficiency." And while they have recently become more consistent, in the past they have touched all of the musical bases from pure mediocrity to visionary rock and roll. Often, all of the bases were run on the same night. And even when they have been very good, they have still dared audiences to hate them.

"Everyone in this band has a great sense of confidence," Wells said. "They believe they can be musicians. This is something about which I will always be incredulous, that they can believe this."

Wells, it seems, has made a career of cutting himself down. He doesn't think of himself as a good guitarist. He is only slightly more confident in his songwriting ability. A few days after the first time I interviewed him for this article he called me at home.

"Aah, what are you doing now?" he said.

"Watering the plants," I answered.

"Okay, well, I can call back later if you're busy...."

He told me that he felt inarticulate, that he had failed to express himself adequately and would like to give me something, a "treatise," that would explain the Insaniacs. I agreed, and when I arrived at their show that Friday, he was perched on a stool, writing furiously on the back of a club schedule.

"Hey," I said, sitting down.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said. "I'm being interviewed. Can I talk to you later?"

"Sure." I'm agreeable. "How's the interview going?"

"I don't like the interviewer," he said, not looking up. "I don't like the questions. Especially the ones about sex."

What he handed me was not a treatise, and it certainly didn't explain anything. I submit, for your approval, some of the three scrawled pages, because it presents some insight into the patient in question. And no, I don't like the interviewer either.

A: They're about stupidity, the songs.

Q: You mean to say we're all stupid? Is that it?

A: Yes.

Q: What about your music?

A: Oh, you mean our sound.

Q: Yes.

A: Quinn is the music. Mike, Bob and myself are the sound.

Q: Can you elaborate?

A: Mike is our explosion/drum demolition expert.

Q: I see. Is that why his drum set falls apart regularly?

A: Yes. Mike had me weld the set together. It still fell apart at the Gentry.

Q: Is he just a muscle man or what? I understand he works for the City Paper. Does he contribute to the lyrics?

A: Well, he and Diana contributed to our biggest hit, "Washington." But beyond that... You have to understand that Mike and Diana are Antioch graduates.

Q: You mean "too smart to think dumb."

A: Yeah. Which is, of course, what you need to write "rock" songs.

Q: And Bob Young, your bass player?

A: Bob is new. Brand new. Eventually he may write, we don't know. It mostly depends on how hard Kim, his girlfriend, bugs him about it.

Q: And Diana?

A: She wrote "What's the Matter With Jane?" Also, she is the great line castrator. Lyrically, tough to please.

Q: So Quinn is a tough editor?

A: Well you know, she's Antioch also, she's smart and all, but...

Q: And yourself?

A: A secret guitarist by night, engineer par-none by day.

Original musicians have always had to support themselves with day jobs. Some performers have looked back on the time when

they were able to quit those jobs and support themselves with music as turning points in their careers. But the Insaniacs don't have the typical menial sub-occupations. In an uncharacteristic reverse, their day jobs serve as their main vocations, while the band itself is the sideline.

"We have other drives that are more important to us," Quinn, a journalist, said. "We have a different set of values than many other musicians. And as a reporter, my outlook on life is more cynical. I have sort of a strange view. And my expectations of where the band will go are more realistic."

"There is the other side of myself, the inventor side," Wells said of his technical activities. "My weekends are not spent dreaming up new music. My involvement with solar energy has me engrossed. It's an all-encompassing obsession. The other band members have to bug me to get anything done musically."

Ironically, it was Wells that "pushed" the others into creating the band, now he is playing coy. Still, success may actually be bad for the Insaniacs. It would force them to give up their day jobs, which is where they get the twisted outlook that makes the music so special.



photo by Reid Baker

"I would be happy if we made a few more records but still remained a cult band," Quinn said. "On that level, we can succeed as a band. We occupy our own warped little niche."

Back to you, David.

Q: What is the burning question that the Insaniacs need to be asked?

A: Either "is that all there is to it?" or "it really took you this long to play like that?" Given the underlying theme from the "Emperor's New Clothes" fable, what do the Insaniacs look like in the nude?

Q: I think the audience would rather you answer the last question.

A: Gross. Doesn't everyone look gross? I mean everybody has hair. Even the hairless are frightening.

Q: Is that rhetorical, or do you really think that?

A: Diana is the only anti-sex person in the band. The rest of us are sex monsters.

Q: But isn't Diana the sex symbol?

A: Yes. Without a doubt. You should hear the messages she gets on our answering machine.

Q: Crank callers?

A: We don't know. We think ten percent are fans.

Q: Do you have murderous fans?

A: No, not at all, we seem to have the biggest collection of macabre fans, though.

Insaniacs fans are an odd lot. The same folks seem to turn up at every show, and they greet each other with everything from furtive nods to coded greetings. Quinn draws almost all of the idolatry. A woman playing

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Charles Berman is a reporter for syndicated columnist Jack Anderson. He has written for the Star and the Post and recently has contributed music coverage to The Washington Times.

Return of The Fugs



by Eddie Bronx

I don't know how it was where you were, but, in New York, the apparent gap between beatniks and hippies—as perceived by the mass culture—never existed. The bohemian scene just oozed from one milestone to another. The word "Hippies" was a west coast term, superimposed on an already very active Village underground.

The recent beatnik revival (bios, personal memoirs, books by Ginsberg and Burroughs) has led to the reissuing of material that one

would have thought to be *too* wild for consideration. Among these things is an LP from the group which perpetrated the following anthem:

*Oh, we love grass, We love ass...
We like it hot, We love pot.
We scarf pills.
We eat pussy, we ain't fussy.
Oh, East Side! We're on the East
Side,
and we're the Fugs!*

The East Side being referred to is N.Y.'s Lower East Side: Mother of the Slums, nurturer of three generations of Jewish entertainers, and refuge of beatniks, poets, speed freaks, and other realized beings. The attraction for the beatnik was cheap housing and the remnants of a thriving melting pot. A short walk from the pushcart bargains of Orchard Street, the gustatory delights of Delancey Street, Chinatown and Little Italy, a stone's throw from the unspeakable Bowery and the high-hat Village, the East Side was the Mecca of Strange. (Only later was the despised "East Village" label hung on it. This by real estate agents eager to sell the vermin-infested, tub-in-the-kitchen/shithouse-down-the-hall, hell hall, hell hole to naive provincials yearning to breathe hip.)

*You ask about my philosophy, baby.
Dope, peace, magic gods in the
treerunks, and
Group Grope, bay-beh!*

The Fugs emerged in 1965, to the most exciting New York of my generation. Just before we came up there was the be-bop and beat era. I am fortunate to have caught the tail end of that, before the hip scene split between the urban sophisticate, jazz-and-Lenny-Bruce crowd, and the downtown, post-beat, folkie, political crowd.

By late 1964, a new current was felt which eventually united the entire scene in a deluge. Underground films, pop art, happenings, new poetry, and rock and roll. In 1965, the whole thing exploded.

In another year, or so, the New York music scene would be Anglicized and Californicated. But, this was the last pure Big Apple music thing until the New York Dolls. It was marvelous.

And the bands! Baby Huey and the Babysitters doing their comic showband stuff. The Lovin' Spoonful, prime examples of Good Time music. The Free Spirits, featuring Jeremy Steig and Larry Coryell, and Steve Marcus, doing jazz-rock long before Miles

Davis' "original" idea. Dope/art music by Pearls before Swine and the Godz, and finding its culmination in the Velvet Underground. Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys (pre-Marin County), one part gritty street music, one part 50s revival, one part folk rock.

Not the big, open, countrified west coast folk rock of the Byrds, all chiming guitars and rolling rhythm. No. New York folk rock, thin and jangling, nervous, amphetamine hysterical and full of minor key Hebrew torment. Just listen to Tim Buckley's first album, or the Blues Project at the Cafe au GoGo. This is the music that gave us the Ramones, not the Eagles.

Up through this musical compost, rooted in beatnik poetry and nurtured with contraband chemical, grew the Fugs, America's rock and roll stinkweed. The band (which took its name from Norman Mailer's infamous euphemism) was the brainchild of Ed Sanders, Kansas City poet, all-around wild man, and country musician manqué.

Sanders' career included a stint in the Air Force, time in jail for attempting to board an atomic submarine as an act of protest, publication of *Fuck You, A Magazine of the Arts*, and proprietorship of the Peace Eye Book Store. (Another whole article could be written on that place.)

His accomplices were Ken Weaver and Tuli Kupferberg. Weaver was a big, shambling bear of a Texas boy, poet, doper, and sometime drummer, who according to legend, ran a marijuana ring while in the service.

Tuli Kupferberg was (is) a ghetto holy man. One could as easily see him in rabbinical garb, a Talmud under his arm, stalking the East Side distributing tracts. Tuli was an anarchist theoretician, poet, golem, and Professor of Snatch (he once taught a course in esthetic orgasms). He has written *1001 Ways to Avoid the Draft* (sample: Firebomb your draft board. Note, this is not a pacifist action.) and *1001*

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THE GENTRY *On Capital Hill*

April 1983

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
3 The Item	4 Live Blues Jam All musicians invited No Cover	5 Live Jazz Jam with Jerry Definisi All musicians invited No Cover	6 Killen Bled & Special Guests Each week	7 Frenchmen from Hell	8 Grease & Porroots	9 South Bound Blues Band
10 The Obsessed & Hellion	11 All musicians invited No Cover	12 Jazz Jam with Jerry Definisi All musicians invited No Cover	13 Killen Bled & Special Guests Each week	14 Rumblerz	15 Sleepers Sharp	16 The Reactions
17 J.B.A.	18 All musicians invited No Cover	19 Jazz Jam with Jerry Definisi All musicians invited No Cover	20 Killen Bled & Special Guests Each week	21 Havoc Spy + Dells	22 Intentions + Teister 23 24 25	26 The Reactions
26 J.B.A.	27 All musicians invited No Cover	28 Working Class Count 4	29 Amsterdam + Without eye	30 Magenta + Rose Many Parts		

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RELAX! THE CRAMPS ARE BACK

by Joe Sasfy

It seems like the Cramps had almost disappeared. Maybe it was because there had been no new releases in two years. Maybe it was because their previous two visits, at the 9:30 Club and Bayou, had failed to achieve the blood-curdling good humor and spontaneous body heat local rockers have come to expect from the fab, I mean "shab", four. Whatever—their recent appearance at the 9:30 in March was a little piece of inspiration for my dormant rock 'n' roll soul. Not only were some gruesomely infectious new originals paraded out, but, by the second set, Lux and company were in high heat and the crowd was melting into that protoplasmic, undulating blob that only the Cramps' mad musical experiment can create.

Unfortunately, the Cramps' career, one of the most extreme and committed psychomusicals in rock history, has been on hold for well over a year because of a massive and costly lawsuit they have brought against their record company, I.R.S. While most of those who read the *Billboard* article detailing the suit were more intrigued by the revelation of Lux and Ivy's real names, the important fact for the Cramps was that their record company

was not paying. An equally distressing fact, says Lux, is that the suit is costing the Cramps "more than we ever spent on a record." Throw in another fired manager (a Cramps' tradition) and a serious eye problem and illness for drummer Nick Nox and you can see that all has not been hunky dory in the land of goo-goo muck.

But the Cramps weren't in town complaining. They had just recorded a concert in NYC for a live LP release (on IRS or another label), were in high spirits and looking forward to their next studio effort. Their show at the 9:30 served up a frantic mix of Cramps' classics and newer stuff. The latter included "The Most Exalted Potentate of Love," a piece of Arabian rock described by Lux as "the coming thing;" "Call of the Wig Hat;" and the lewd "You got Good Taste" (almost selected for the *Deep Throat* soundtrack.) When I taunted Lux that this song could be considered misobynist, he thoughtfully replied, "I just gave Nick a massage tonight."

The Cramps also performed a powerful cover of the Standell's "Good Guys Don't Wear White," and a bizarre rendition of the "Theme from Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill," a Russ Meyer's masterpiece. The show's best moment, however, was nonmusical. Lux had

All is not hunky dory in the land of goo-goo muck.

already dove into the frenzied crowd a number of times in the second set. As the band was making their final exit off the stage, Lux took a final dive into the crowd sans music for...well for the sheer hell and fun of it.



have to do is listen to the Cramps music to know how important TV and movies are to the Cramps' way of life. Lux admitted he had a physical condition, "I get the shakes if I can't turn on my TV at five in the morning and get something good."

'I get the shakes if I can't turn on my TV at five in the morning and get something good.'

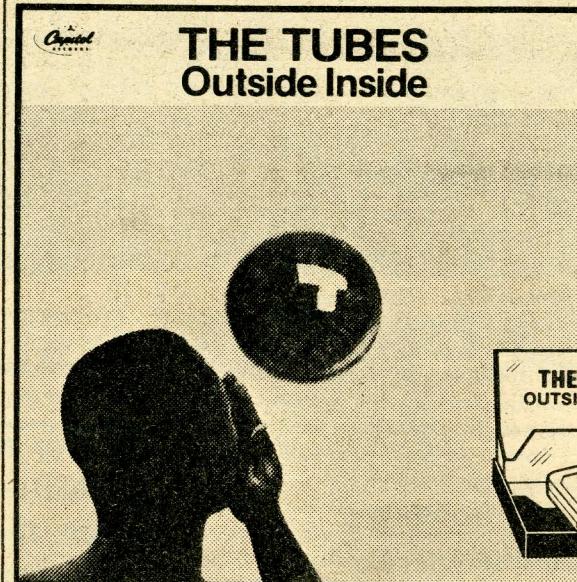
But nothing moves Lux more than a good horror film with good and ghastly gore effects. While we all sit in the hotel room wondering what has happened to Tex Rubinowitz, who temporarily left our entourage to take a young lady home, Lux gleefully fantasizes: "She's liable to take him out to some goddam grove and stick a knife in him, cut him from navel to throat, pull back his skin, pull out his lungs and stomach and...and...his pituitary gland!" His pituitary gland?

Despite the preoccupation with horror, Lux insists, "I don't like it when people call us a horror band. Sometimes we go on stage and people expect us to have an act like Alice Cooper. There are all these bands doing horror rock and I would like to like it, but it all seems so serious. It should be more in the tradition of songs like 'Midnight Monster Hop' and 'Frankenstein Rock.' That was in the real spirit of sickness, at least to me. Besides, I don't understand a lot of musical styles or want to."

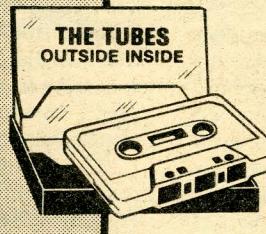
"Obviously," deadpans Nick.

OUT
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OUTSIDEIN
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SIDESIDEOUT

THE TUBES OUTSIDE INSIDE



featuring
"SHE'S A BEAUTY,"
"MONKEY TIME,"
"WILD WOMEN OF
WONGO,"
"TIP OF MY TONGUE"
and
"FANTASTIC DELUSION"



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The Not So Weird LENE LOVICH

by Brian McGuire

"I'm interested in curtains."
Um, okay, Lene, we'll accept that.
Anything else?

"I'm very interested in tying things up. I
don't know how to explain that one."

Lene Lovich is talking about what she likes to wear, not home decorating or leisure time activities. You can't deny that Lovich has always set her own styles. From the music on her four albums, sounding like new wave pop filtered through a Weimar-period Berlin music hall, to her haberdashery ("I've always liked wearing things on my head."), she has resolutely refused to follow anyone's example. This kind of independence has its price. To her chagrin, Lovich has become known almost as much for the dark theatricality of her performances, the amazing range of her voice and the assortment of noises she makes with it, and her other-wordly attire which she explains is the result of her art school training, as for the intelligence, humor and irresistibility of her music.

"Anyway, I don't think that I'm very weird," she protests. Somehow, this is reminiscent of Richard Nixon's "I am not a crook" line. "I saw Tammy Wynette on the TV the other night and I think she looks pretty weird. There are plenty of performers who look a lot stranger than me. I'm just doing what's natural to me. I'm not acting when I'm performing in a concert situation. I keep my dabbling in the theater world completely to one side. I'm not at all acting, that's really me. The only time I can really be myself, I suppose, is when I am on stage in a regular gig situation, because that's where I can say, 'This is my world and I can do whatever I like,' and I can be myself."

Lovich is bringing her world to the United States for a two-month tour, promoting her newest record on the Stiff/Epic label, *No Man's Land*, her first record since she had a minor hit with the *New Toy* EP about a year and a half ago. She hopes the tour and album are successful enough to allow her to continue doing "what's natural."

"What I don't like about record companies suggesting producers is that they create a doctor/patient relationship."

Lovich spent her first years in Detroit, but was raised in England where, in the late 1960s and early '70s, she studied art, concentrating on sculpture. She spent several years after that bouncing around Europe singing, dancing and playing saxophone in a pot-luck assortment of bands and shows. In 1978 Lovich was signed by the innovative Stiff label, and immediately made an impression with the success of her version of "I Think We're Alone Now," released as a single. She was formally introduced to the world as part of the Be Stiff Tour '78 in England and America.

Although her first two full albums, *Stateless* and *Flex*, were both respectably popular, Lovich says she has always had trouble convincing even as radical a record company as Stiff to let her do what she wants.

"I suppose," she explains in her mild but

proper-sounding British accent, "the music business is suffering the same sort of recession that every other business is in the world and for that reason they seem to want a larger slice of the cake, which means there's more pressure to sell more records and be more commercial, but I can understand that. It's just that when they try to influence your creative directions, then it doesn't become so attractive to me.

"*No Man's Land* really should have been release about two years or 18 months ago.

ducer for *No Man's Land*.

"I wanted the ideas to come from me and not from somebody outside. You see, what I don't like about record companies suggesting producers is that they create a sort of doctor/patient relationship which I don't like, because I don't think there's anything wrong with what I'm doing. Oh yes, I mean I know maybe I'm not selling as many records as they'd like. But I can live okay on the sort of world-wide record sales that I do because if you add them all up, although we've never had a hit record anywhere, we do sell enough

of central point of every song, especially in the initial writing of a song. I get most of my inspiration from what he does, I find that quite often he's the initial stimulus. Although we haven't actually worked anything out, that's the way we work, really, it's all instinctive. I do one thing, he does another, I do another thing and he does another thing and somehow the song comes together. Well, I think in the end, quite often it's very, very hard to know who did what in making the song.

"In the beginning, when we signed to Stiff, I think they were very nervous about boy-girl teams, I think they thought we'd have a fight and they'd lose the act. So they said, 'Well, we'd rather just sign you, Lene,' and at that time, Les and I, we really didn't care. I never thought anybody with a name like mine would be successful anyway. And Les prefers not to be the focus of attention. Doesn't like to do interviews. There are other things that I don't like to do that he likes to do, so it works out quite well."

When asked about musical influences, or just music that she likes to listen to, Lovich seems hard-pressed to come up with particulars, but is able to recall a few early sensations.

"Jimi Hendrix made a huge impression on me."

"Every once in a while something has made an impression on me. I think Jimi Hendrix made a huge impression on me. Some of the early Bob Dylan songs made a very big impression on me. I know it's very unfashionable to like him, but when I heard "Subterranean Homesick Blues," I just had to buy the record, you know, I just had to. I don't really find that same sort of desperate need to go out and buy records so much now. I find my musical interests are perhaps more obscure now. I like listening to film music, probably because I'm excited about sound and in a lot of film music there's some really interesting experimental uses of sound."

There is a possibility that Lovich may be turning out a soundtrack album of her own from a stage production of the life of the dancer and figure of international intrigue, Mata Hari, that she and Chappell put on for a one-month run last year at the Lyric Theater in London. She describes the show as "a play with songs, and some of the songs reoccurred in different versions throughout the play. The potential there is great, and probably within that show are some of the best melodies we've ever done. The whole thing took up a lot of my life, because I co-wrote it and did a lot of research into it."

While talking about her hopes for this project Lovich once again cites record company indifference as a stumbling block. But her characteristic determination is not about to let her give up easily.

"Les and I are working on building our own studio. The only problem is we've got so far with the studio and we've run out of money. We hope if we can sell a few more records maybe we can get few more funds together and finish it. Because if we can do that then we'll be able to do all sorts of projects. You see, it's very difficult to get record companies into sponsoring projects. Maybe if you finished a project, maybe they would like it, but to get them to actually finance it in the first place is very, very difficult. They find it difficult to have the same kind of insight into the potential of something. But we will do it, we will do it."



Photo by Reid Baker

There are a few new songs on it and a few new recordings, but I would say half the record is from the same sessions that we did when we did *New Toy*. I'm just not able to have that sort of independence that I can say what I want to do as far as actually getting records released.

"If you don't have your own personal creative direction, and you're not allowed to visualize at least some of that, then the whole idea of doing it is just a job, really, I mean a very interesting job, but I put a lot of my own heart into what I'm doing, and that's the way I get the biggest thrill."

Lovich is very sensitive to the intrusion of what she repeatedly refers to as "outside" people on the creative processes of herself and her long-time co-writing, co-musician, co-producing partner, Les Chappell. She bristled when Stiff tried to bring in a special pro-

records to survive and carry on and have quite a good picture for the future."

Lovich emphasizes the importance of Chappell in her music, and points out that it was

But for the publicity-minded record execs, they would have been signed as the Lene Lovich-Les Chappell Band.

only through a quirk of the publicity-minded record executives that they weren't signed as the Lene Lovich-Les Chappell Band.

"He's an essential part of our whole activities, really. We are real partners in everything that we do. Les is essentially a rhythm guitarist, but it becomes the whole sort

Living a Fantasy THE THOMPSON TWINS

by Khaaryn

1964: England sends us The Beatles. Girls scream, society changes. Aftermath: "Yesterday" is heard in dentists' offices across America.

1977: England sends us the Sex Pistols. Parents scream, society shrugs. Aftermath: Homicidal Sid Vicious makes headlines across America.

Well, it's 1983, and new British bands flood our shores in numbers rivaled only by new Japanese cars. And the worst part of it is, so many of the new bands are good with a remarkably uniform sameness affording them a remarkably uniform palatability.

So, we follow our fancies — a catchy synth programme, a pretty face — or a stunning idea. Because the bands that will really succeed — the measure of that success being its magnitude and duration — are those with the fascinating quirks and novel approaches.

Enter the Thompson Twins. All three of them. Originating in Sheffield — one of England's northern industrial cities — in 1977, the Thompson Twins (named after a certain character in the French comic *Tin Tin*) migrated to London, added members, and began touring on behalf of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Their involvement with the CND had the dubious advantage of casting the band in the "politically aware" mold — along with contemporaries like The Beat and The Clash.

However, this image soon became a hindrance to further success.

"We had to back down publicly," explains Tom Bailey, handsome lead vocalist, keyboardist, and musical "brain" behind the band "although personally we're just as involved as ever, if not more so. It's just that people turn off."

Alannah Currie, female percussionist/vocalist, continues his thought. "We're making pop music — we don't want to put all those people off. If I say 'I'm a feminist', people immediately write us off. Or you can say you're an anarchist, or a communist, or a socialist. People don't want to know about it. But, you can have the same politics...it's just in the way you phrase it. If you say things right, then people listen to you, and you don't turn them off. Young kids, especially."

Besides changing their approach, the band once again changed its size — "firing" four members, and took its present form about six months ago. Since then, they have responded to their lukewarm British reception with a handsome *coup de maître* here — with chart successes like "In the Name of Love" and "Lies", a successful mini-tour last fall, and a full-scale album promotion tour beginning in March.

Yes, it does sound like the career of almost every new wave synth band to launch a brief conquest of the U.S. before fading away. One of the differences that set The Twins apart is their adamant refusal to exploit trends.

"We aren't into fashion," proclaims Alannah, whose most striking feature is the carefully cultivated chaos of blond curls that acts as an awning for her face. "We're into style. In fact, we veer away from being incredibly fashionable, because if you're in-



photo by Reid Baker

credibly fashionable, then you're out six months later.

"We're making a living, if you like, out of music. Which is why we don't just want to make it for six months — though we see where we could. But we want to keep on doing it. I've had so many crappy jobs — this is brilliant."

Tom picks up on her thought... "It's strange, there are like ten or a dozen bands from England that seem to be making waves over here. But it seems to be a fairly arbitrary selection...while there are great bands from England who never come over here at all. And I can't figure out why those twelve have made it, because they're not necessarily the best of the crop. It's just that the American record company thought they were doing their job properly."

Why should The Thompson Twins risk being lumped together with the rest of the unending "British Invasion"?

"Audiences in England are really cliquish," explains Alannah, "we have to work really hard to get them to get into what we're doing — whereas here, we just do it, and they immediately start clapping."

Tom continues, "There's no ambition really. No justification. We just take the open course. It's a fantasy thing. We get involved in bigger and better fantasies."

Fantasy is the key to The Twins' individuality. Joe Leeway, dreadlocked percussionist/vocalist, late of England's National Theatre company, describes the band's reasoning as "...going for a cinematic approach — making big, sweeping images. I don't think our show is just about making music. It's definitely sound and vision."

"Surely," Tom continues Joe's thought, "the days are over when people just get up and (mimes strumming a guitar). On stage, we're in the business of communication. The

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SAM GILLIAM

by Jim Hettinger

In more ways than one, Sam Gilliam has gone just about as far as an artist can go. Entering his fiftieth year and beginning his third decade in Washington, he is firmly established as one of the area's best-known and most respected abstract painters. He has displayed his work at major museums all over the country (the Corcoran is featuring Gilliam in its "Modern Painters at the Corcoran" series, through May 21), received fellowships and grants from numerous foundations, and earned a citation in *Who's Who in American Art*.

He is also one of those rare artists who successfully stretches the limits of his medium. Not content to merely pour paint onto canvas in the manner of most abstract painters, Gilliam has consistently explored new possibilities. His late-70's work found him raking, sweeping and mopping paint around, the canvases later being cut up and rearranged. Most recently, Gilliam has become interested in the flexible properties of the canvas itself; abandoning conventional stretching and framing, Gilliam has pioneered what he calls "suspended paintings," which are hung from ceilings or draped over armatures.

Perhaps the most impressive thing about Sam Gilliam is his commitment to innovation—not for its own sake—but for the sake of heightening expression. Despite his successes, Gilliam has never stopped changing, growing, or looking toward new horizons in the hope of making his art "fuller." He remains open-minded and very much his own man.

Born into a family of non-artists in Tupelo, Mississippi, Gilliam manifested an interest in art quite early on. "I seemed to spend most of my time when I wasn't sleeping actually making something—wagons and things for play. It was a source of entertainment more than anything else," he remembers. "Of course I always gravitated toward the art department and was always encouraged to make drawings and various things. I bought

"The way I thought about painting and the way I worked at it were worlds apart."

my own oil painting set when I was quite young, and always dreamt of taking a famous artists' course, which you could obtain through magazines... But it was by high school, when there was an absence of any formal art classes, that doing things on the side led to wanting to major in art in college."

College for Gilliam meant the University of Louisville, from which he received a Bachelor's in Creative Arts (1955) and Master's in Painting (1961). During his college years Gilliam painted in a non-academic figurative manner that he refers to as "a version of California figure style, which was texture planar painting." The subject matter consisted of faceless, isolated figures in landscape settings. "This was a way in which the sense of the image began to melt into a feel for material. So in the sense of activity and action... the drawing came after the painting, so to speak. One arrived at the figure at the

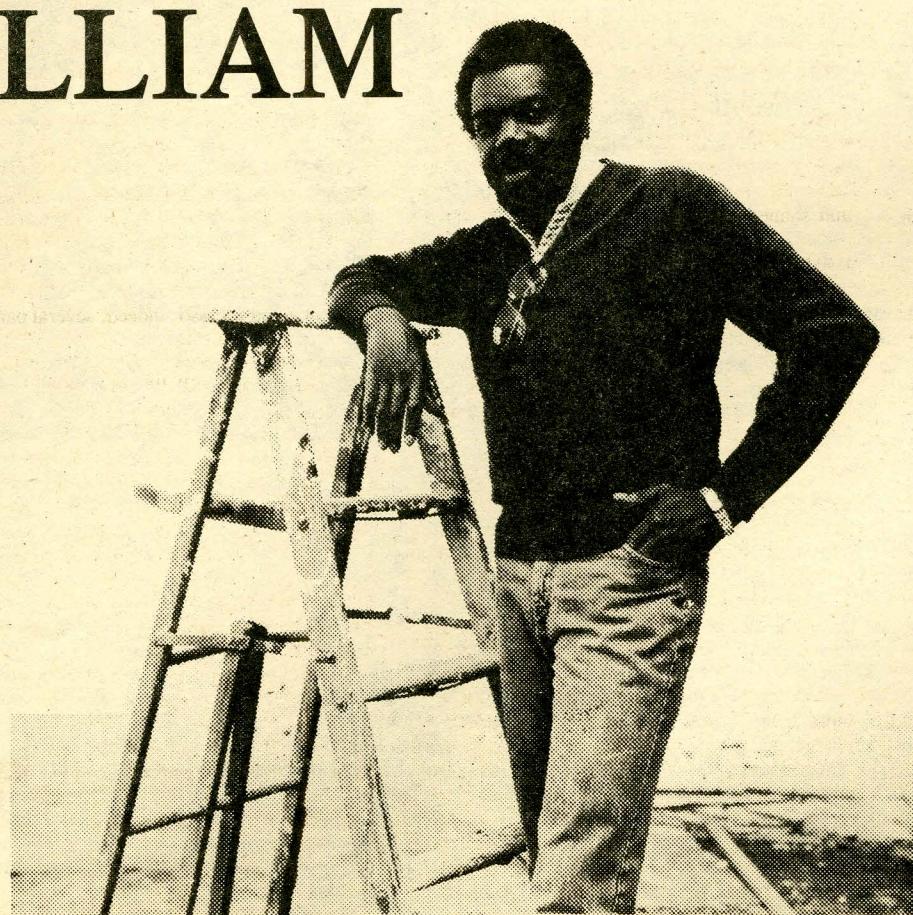


photo by Becky Hammel

same time that one arrived at the ground, in terms of a gesture," he says.

Gilliam maintains that, during his years as a figurative painter, his ideas far outpaced his technique: "Something I didn't recognize at

"Washington has a certain amount of poetic content for me."

the time was that the way I thought about painting and the way I actually worked at it were worlds apart." Upon moving to Washington in the early 1960's, Gilliam was exposed to talents further advanced than his own. He became aware of the gap between his creative impulses and actual work, then went about closing it.

"There was an artist I met here after my first exhibition, Thomas Downing—a Washington color painter who painted dials. It was obvious that Tom had resolved much more here than I had in the environment I had grown up in," Gilliam says. "It was that sort of contact with a lot of first-hand material... that created this vacuum, which was a good thing for me... I began to spend long times actually painting. I began to resolve certain things that were in my head, and even to make things that weren't there before, because they could actually come from painting. The chance to live in Washington with artists who had experienced different things was just enough to push one off the edge. In fact, I would say I was forced off the edge, in those terms, simply by ideas."

Initially, Gilliam came to Washington because it offered the possibility of a job, the chance "to get a place to sort of let things happen." In the years since, the city has become an integral part of his life and work. "Washington has a certain amount of poetic content for me," he says. "I guess Washington is perhaps the place that I'm closest in touch with. I go almost anywhere I want to, but yet there is something very stimulating and very much of an index here... The last fifteen years of my life have

literally been made here, and naturally it's the best audience I have. Washington is rather pleasant and relaxed. And I can't say it doesn't matter where one lives, because it's very important—in the sense of museums, in the sense of knowing people here, and there's a very important relationship with the at-ease way of moving around... There is some correspondence, I think, between one's art and what one is animated by, or the kind of animation that is actually within the environment. And I think in that regard Washington really doesn't suffer."

In the early portion of his mature career, Gilliam was strongly influenced by the Washington color school (Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski et al), but it wasn't long before he began to establish his own highly individual painting style. Of this development, Gilliam says, "What happens with anybody who is a follower is that one is either going to live one's entire life being called a follower, or one is going to maintain one's own style and one's own presentation. I think I had to use what I found in those [Washington color school] paintings as a doorway to thinking about the things I want to think about."

"The point in art is to extend traditions without literally imitating them."

Rather than mimicking the specific style of the Washington color painters, Gilliam took their approach and used it to make discoveries for himself. "It was more than just the painting," he says, "but an attitude toward structure, almost an attitude toward theater, toward environment, very sort of expansive things. Once one had enlarged upon that, then one had to rediscover painting... I'm able now to look very freely to the next discovery."

"The point in art is to extend traditions without literally imitating them: to look at things, to become quite full in the way things can be put together. There are some times I think that artists, by their own keen sense of

working in a certain dimension, are able to entertain a certain sort of relationship that is not present, or they have an antenna out for certain things. These kind of things can be repeated, they can be embellished, and they can rise to new heights. This is actually, I think, what it's all about."

Gilliam's fierce independence and commitment to individual expression have at times put him at odds with the black art establishment. During the late-1960's, for instance, many blacks rejected abstract art and called upon abstractionists to adopt more "relevant" content and imagery. These people, Gilliam says, "tended not to look at the heart of people, but more so at the political factors that were necessary, as they would say, to get things done. Those kinds of things were what we call aesthetic conservatism. It has nothing to do with what people are about. It has nothing to do with the depth of thinking involved in thinking about what art is for me, or for anybody."

"I don't really feel I've begun."

So the only politics you'll find in Gilliam's work, he says, are his own. But does his art relate at all to the black experience in America? "The work is actually about itself. It relates to general things in an unpolitical content. It's not about a particular relationship to the particular black experience. It is related to the human experience, and I think that's much more important."

The current exhibit at the Corcoran can be considered a "retrospective" of his work from the last three years, but Sam Gilliam prefers to look forward. As we said at the outset, he has gone nearly as far as an artist can go, and now he is looking to go... further. "I don't really feel I've begun," he says. "The greater period of travelling and moving about for me has been done in the last five years. There's been a lot of absorption, a lot of seeing, and it's just a matter of getting to work on those things... My real career is ahead."

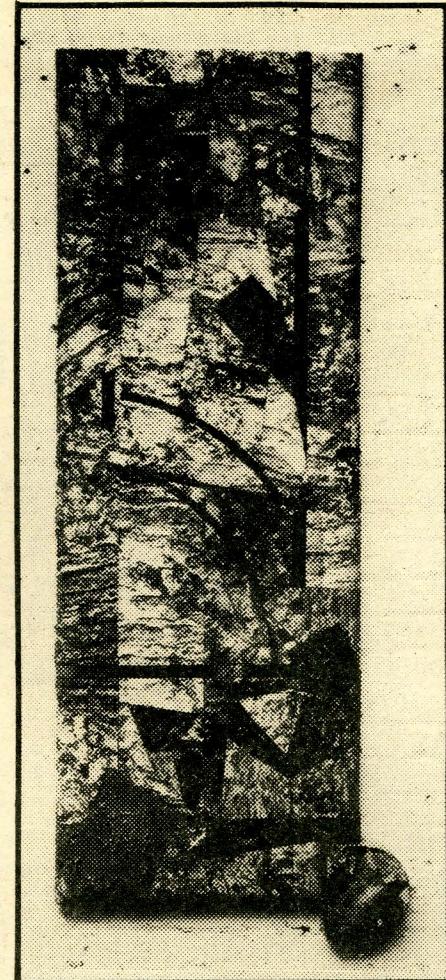


photo by John Tamm

The Exhibit

excerpted from the catalogue for the exhibit
"Modern Painters at the Corcoran: Sam Gilliam."

by John Beardsley

All the paintings in the exhibit of Sam Gilliam's work, currently at the Corcoran, date from the eighties, but they have their source in works executed in the mid-seventies. In about 1976, Gilliam effected a transformation in his painting: in large measure, the often unpredictable process of staining was replaced by a planned piling-up of acrylic paint on canvas. Multiple hues were set down, laboriously thick in places, thinner in others. The mass of pigment was then manipulated on the canvas. It was raked or swept—literally with rake or broom—so that the paint fell into grooves or nervous smears, and the colors, though still distinct, began to fuse.

Two or three years before this transformation in technique, Gilliam had begun cutting up his stained canvases, rearranging the parts and gluing them back together. This operation also found its way into the impasto works, resulting in sudden shifts in color and texture. The first cuts were generally quite simple and regularized geometric ones: rectangles, squares and triangles. But Gilliam ultimately became much freer with them, cutting irregular shapes, exchanging them between paintings, layering them, sometimes painting over the parts before returning them to their original positions or capriciously setting them down somewhere else.

In a word, Gilliam's painting by the late seventies had become much more deliberate. The chance results of staining, folding and draping had been replaced by a far more conscious effort at composition. Not only was the pigment more purposefully manipulated, but the cut forms were given more and more emphasis, establishing structural relationships that rivaled coloristic ones for predominance within the paintings. Almost all of Gilliam's paintings were now restretched, on beveled and shaped stretchers that themselves affirmed his new emphasis on structure.

The *Chasers* from 1980, are perhaps the first

works in which the compositional structure is about equally derived from color and shape. Gilliam executed about seventeen paintings in this format at an eighty-by ninety-inch size; several others were done in a somewhat elongated format. Three of the smaller ones—"Purpled," "Black Harbor" and "Bluesette"—are included in this exhibition, together with one of the longer ones. All of the smaller ones are nine-sided polygons that vaguely resemble the shape of Australia, while the longer ones occasionally have one or two more sides. Significantly, most of the *Chasers* are not paintings with just a few cuts or exchanged parts. They are composed almost entirely of odd-sized and shaped triangles and quadrilaterals, some with similar but many with contrasting colors and textures. In this they resemble crazy quilts, with insistently polygonal and polychromatic characters (one of the *Chasers* is in fact titled "Quilted"). What is significant about these paintings is that Gilliam here abandons the primacy of color as a compositional determinant and allows the relationships between textures and shapes to carry equal weight.

Gilliam's red and black paintings of the following year are surpassingly elegant, virtually monochromatic works done in the same cut and glue technique. Most are diptychs or triptychs formed of triangles, rectangles or pentagons, with the red or black paint raked, poured or splashed over an underpainting of green or blue or, in the case of the black paintings, red. Strips of canvas are cut out, repainted and replaced to form lines and arcs that cross from one panel to the next, pulling them together. In a few instances, these arcs are not actually cut and lifted out, but made by spray painting over a template. "Arc Maker I" and "II" reveal their structure perhaps more explicitly than most of these paintings. They are both diptychs, each with one rectangle and one pentagonal element. The pentagons were first cut into quarters; three of the quarters were then bisected by arcs and the opposing elements exchanged between the pentagons. Similar cuts and exchanges were made between the rectangular panels. The lines and arcs were highlighted by repainting them a different color, and the panels hung in such a way that the circles continue across the gaps between

the panels. The "Arc Makers" are thus typical of the red and black paintings in that their apparent uniformity is broken by subtle shifts in color and texture.

The *Vertical D's* are considerably less subtle, but compositionally perhaps even more sophisticated. Against textured backgrounds of rather soft colors—white generally predominates—Gilliam has collaged lines, arcs, triangles and rectangles in a remarkable variety of colors and shapes. Although the backgrounds themselves are assembled from multiple strips, they are chromatically and texturally similar, while the superimposed lines and shapes are painted in contrasting colors, often primaries. The *Vertical D's* are the most clearly cubist-derived of Gilliam's works, calling to mind in particular—in the layering and the flat geometric shapes—the synthetic cubist collages of Braque and Picasso. Indeed, several paintings in the series are titled "To Braque": Gilliam explains that the series was in part inspired by seeing a Braque still life (a mantlepiece with birds) at the Art Institute of Chicago. But they are cubist-derived via Malevich. These floating rectangles, just barely bonded together by lines and arcs over a receding ground, these primary colors: they ally the works with the suprematist paintings of Malevich and his immediately pre- and post-revolutionary Russian colleagues. While the red and black paintings maintained Gilliam's traditional shallow picture plane, these geometric compositions teeter before Malevich's deep and vertiginous space.

Gilliam has attached to each of these paintings, in the lower right hand corner, an enameled metal "D" shape that gives the series its name. He describes these "D's" as an emblem of the collaging technique and as a catalyst or key to inspire recognition of the formal and spatial relationships within the paintings. They function in part by contrasting angular with round, canvas with metal and rough acrylic with smooth enamel.

There is a way in which Gilliam serves as a kind of paradigm of the last decade in art. Much has been made of the death of the avant garde, about the exhaustion of invention, about the failure of the avant-garde artist to provide the lay public with a new vision of the world or,

indeed, to be particularly relevant at all. Sensing this, many artists have abandoned their reformist postures in favor of revivalism or pluralism, in works that seem more fashionable than serious. There is a sense of casting about for a substitute for the notion of originality as a generating principle for contemporary art. Gilliam has, for his part, been identified with the avant garde in the past, particularly because of his decision to eliminate the stretcher and drape his paintings from walls and ceilings and over impromptu armatures. These works have been hailed as an infinitely more radical departure than the large scale of Pollock or the shaped canvases of Stella.

But from a revisionist point of view, there is something forced or willfully inventive about these draped works. They seem an expression of an era that valued originality—the breakthrough—above all else. They have been replaced by something far better: paintings in which there is a new and equal emphasis on formal and chromatic structure as an expression of command and a means of control. These can perhaps be legitimately described as more conservative works, as they are based on the time-honored and proven compositional techniques of synthetic cubism and suprematism. Yet in no sense do they mark a retrenchment. They represent a substitution of authority and self-control for willful originality and invention as standards of quality. It is in this sense that Gilliam represents a paradigm for recent painting: his true advance has come from recovering the lessons of past masters and adapting them to his own particular purposes. While many recent painters have attempted this, few have accomplished it so deftly.

Gilliam has always been a good painter. A re-evaluation of his earlier work in light of his recent achievements serves less to denigrate the former than to allow the latter fully to shine forth. Gilliam is now a world class painter.

The 16 pages catalogue, available at the Corcoran gift shop for \$2.50, contains: 7 color plates, forward by Jane Livingston and a selected bibliography.

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PERFORMANCES AT THE RITZ

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From D.C. Area

Fri 1st	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Psychodrama (apocalyptic theatre) • Jutta Eigen performs poetry & dance music • Punks in Pinstripes (dance)
Sat 2nd	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Feet first (jazz tap dance) • "Sex & Politics at the Ritz"
Mon 4th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Nancy Ballew presents "Shot in Color" with Richard Gaylord, Seth Kahn, Sally Bert, Rene Farkass, Wanabe, ect.
Thur 7th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Photographer's Show coordinated by curator Irving Gordon
Fri 8th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hungry Fetus (cosmic theatre) • Theatre du Jour (original theatre) • "Sex & Politics at the Ritz"
Sat 9th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Video Buddies • "Sex & Politics at the Ritz" • Aline Lili Mare & Bradley Eros 'Venus to Penis' • Eileen Muir
Sun 10th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Cynthia Black (sound & light show) • Sally Silvers (dance) • Elliott Sharp & the NY Improvisers (avant-rock) • Eve Teitlebaum (poet & food writer) • Daniel Hunt
Tue 12th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Masquerade event with surprise bands
Fri 15th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Sharon Wyrrick (dance) • Fine Line Theatre • From Far Away, Beauty (electronic music) • Michelle Ava & Friends (dance) • Bradley Eros • Aline Lili Mare • "Sex & Politics at the Ritz"
Sat 16th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • "Penelope" (poetry & theatre) • Bill Considine "The Furies"
Sun 17th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Suzen "Pro-Test" • Mama's Boys (down home music)
Weds 20th	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • "Goin' Fission" (jazz musical) • Olivia Beens (satyr play) • No Shame (original music by Barbara & Barbara) • The Microscopic Septet
Thur 21st	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Stella Dallas presents a "Wearable Fashion Show"
Fri 22nd	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • "Black Forest Fire" (a radio play by Red Light Theatre) • "The Doppelganger in 3-D" (Impossible Theatre) • "Sex & Politics at the Ritz" • Henry Hubber "Coyote's Dream" • Fine Line Theatre "2 Scenes From The Lark"
Closing Night	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Open poetry readings • "Sex & Politics at the Ritz"
Sat 23rd	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The ABC NO RIO Cardboard Band • "No Comment"

From NYC

• Charlie Ahearn presents Rappers, Breakers, Hip Hop artists PLUS Hair Sculpture and corn row contest.

- Music for Giraffes
- Music for Elephants
- The Slaebuckets (new mime)
- False Prophets (rude band)



photo by Steve Figliozzi

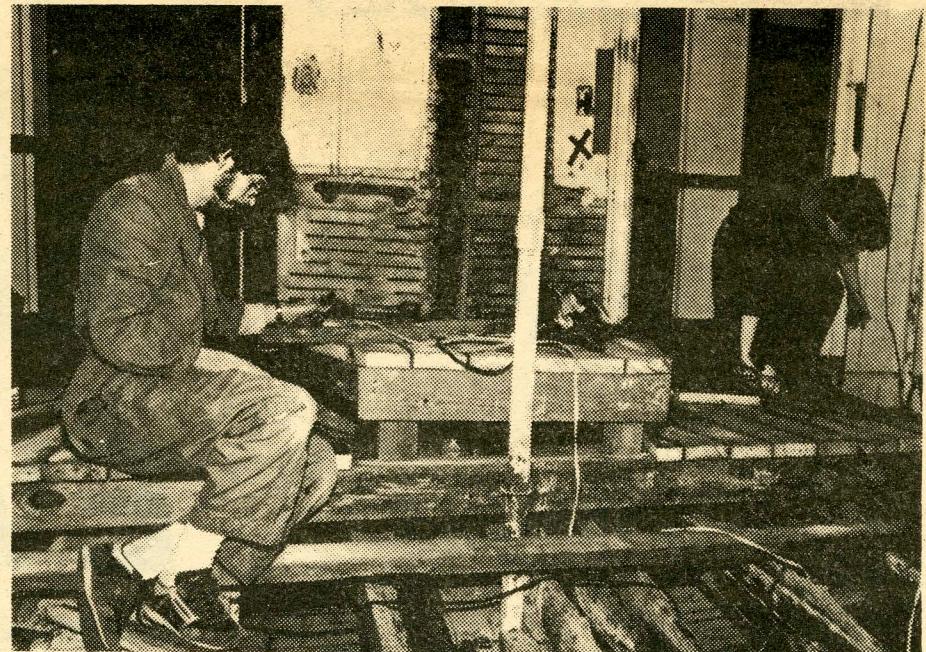


photo by Steve Figliozzi

largest exhibits of visual material on the cowboy and pseudo-cowboy ever assembled (thru Oct. 2).

Lunn: Kevin MacDonald (thru 23).

Manassas Art Guild: Fourth Annual Juried Fine Craft Show held at the Manassas Mall, 8300 Sudley Rd., Manassas (9 at 10 am - 9:30 pm & 10 at 12 - 5 pm).

Meridian House: Asian art featuring works of Malaysian artist Anthony Sum, Sri Lankan artist Sanjiv Mendis and oriental art by artists of the Sumi-e Society of America, Inc. (thru May 1).

Montpelier: solo exhibit by Rae Heimpel (1-30); works by the students of Judith Kornett (6-19).

National Academy of Sciences: approximately 60 works by New York photographer Roman Vishniac including a selection of his black and white photographs of the Jews of Poland taken in the 1930s (7-Jun 30).

National Gallery of Art: eighty-eight drawings from the Holy Roman Empire 1540-1680 (thru 11).

"David Smith" — approximately 70 large sculptures including 7 major series which embody different aspects of Smith's work from 1951 until his death in 1964 (thru April 24).

"Paintings in Naples from Caravaggio to Giordano" — over 100 works from the 17th century (thru May 1).

National Museum of American Art: "The Prints of Louis Lozowick" — approximately 65 lithographs and wood engravings of city and industrial structures from the 1920s and '30s and portrayals of people and places of Europe and Central America (thru 10);

National Portrait Gallery: "Portraits on a Page of History: The Career of James Barton Longacre, 1794-1869" — (9-Oct. 9).

"The Eight" — small exhibit celebrating the noteworthy American painters who challenged the art world in the early 20th century (thru Jun 16).

"Portraits from the New Deal" — exhibit focuses on the personalities of F.D.R.'s first administration (thru Aug 21).

Northern Virginia Porcelain Painters Club: Tenth Annual Show and Sale at Tyson's Corner Center, Aviary Court (30 at 10 am-9:30 pm).

(the) Olshansky: "Heads" — Brett Wilson (thru 9).

Oxon Hill Manor: mixed media show juried by D.C. artist Peter Thomas (thru April).

Performing Arts Library (Kennedy Center): 13 full color posters of scenes from ten 19th century theatrical productions by the Kiralfy brothers, engraved by some of the leading printing firms of the day (cont. indef).

Phillips: the most comprehensive exhibit of the Northwest artist Morris Graves' works; 130 works which chronicle his career and themes (9-May 29).

Plum: assemblages by Roderick Slater and jewelry by Ronald Hayes Pearson (thru 6).

Prince George's Country Bldg.: watercolors by Michaela Harrington (thru 25).

Renwick: "Threads: Seven American Artists and their Miniature Textile Pictures" — 26 textile works by Dana Romalo Andrews, Thomasin Grim, Diane Itter, Amy Lipschitz, Tom Lundberg, Anne McKenzie Nickolson and Elizabeth Tuttle (thru May 8).

Smithsonian Museums: Museum of Natural History: "Japanese Ceramics Today" — almost 300 works by approximately 100 of Japan's most prominent living potters (Thomas M. Evans Gallery, thru 3);

"Contemporary North American Indian Art" (thru 1983); retrospective exhibit that documents the life and works of 20th century wildlife artist Francis Lee Jaques (thru 24).

Spectrum: acrylics and collages by Leolla Glick illustrating the importance of the sun in landscapes (thru 14); Potomac Valley watercolorists, guest group show (15-May 5).

Studio (Lansburgh's Center): "Paintings of the Sea" by Rose Goding (5-30).

Textile Museum: Traditional Arts and Crafts of Saudi Arabia (thru May 22).

Touchstone: watercolors by Janice Ulm Sayles and oils by Leni

Lifkin (thru 17); paintings by Brenda Belfield (19-May 8).

Univ. of Maryland (West Gallery, Art/Sociology Bldg.): mixed media event dealing with menstruation and its cycle by Bibiana Huang (8 at 7-10 pm & 9 at 2-8 pm).

Washington Project for the Arts: "The Ritz" — in cooperation with Collaborative Projects, Inc. of New York, the WPA has transformed the vacant Ritz Hotel (920 F St., NW) into a month-long art exhibit space; over 40 rooms of painting, sculpture, collage, video, photography, sound installations, film, performance, and other artworks by over 300 artists from both D.C. and N.Y.C. (see article this issue, thru 26).

Exhibit of photographs, scores and recordings associated with the Judson Dance Theater (thru 16).

Exhibit, designed for D.C. audiences, of manifestos, installations, videotapes, and documentations of performances by Chilean artists Alfredo Jaar, Juan Downey, Eugenio Dittborn and C.A.D.D., a three artist collective from Santiago, Chile (thru 23).

"Swirling Helix" — electronic light sculpture by Milton Komisar (thru 30).

Zenith: "The Second Annual Neon Show," 5th Anniversary of Zenith Gallery" — Ted Bonar, Robert Dick, Ariane Dubois, Margery Eleme Goldberg, Larry Kanter and Linn Woloshin (thru 2).

ART REAT

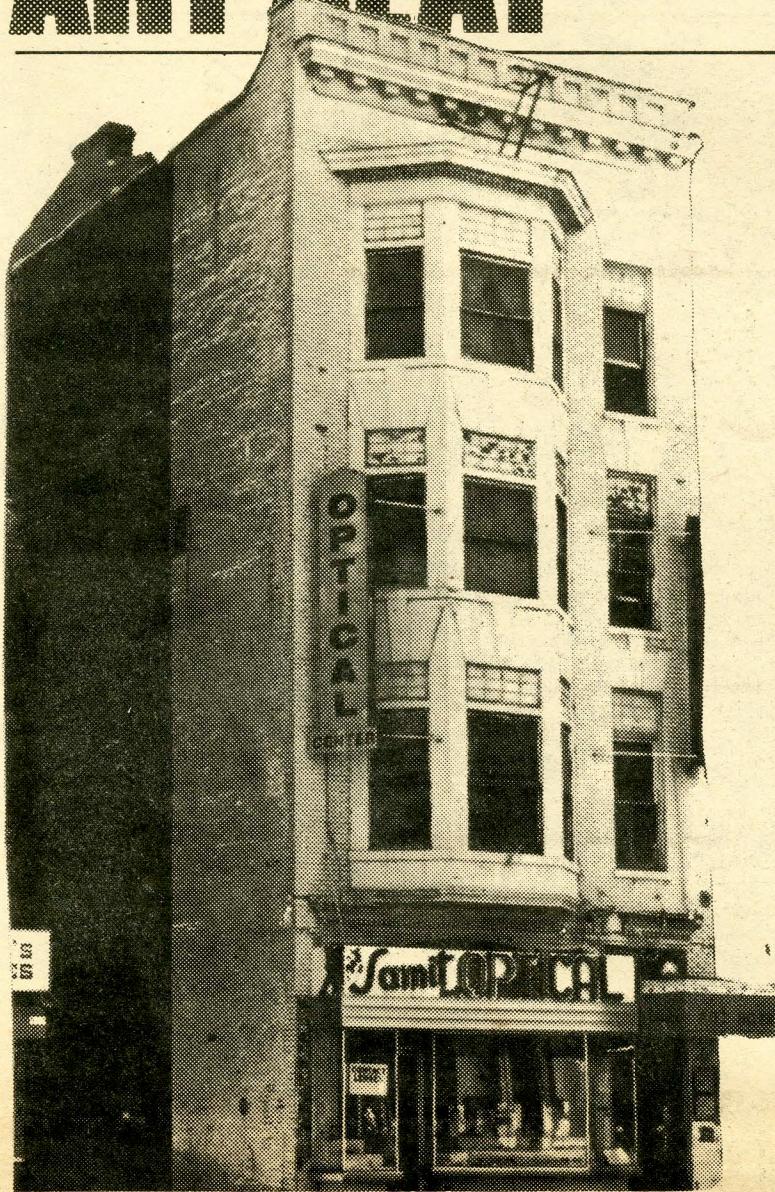


photo by Steve Figliozzi

Four + Four + Forty = THE RITZ

by Gwynelle Dismukes

It was mid-March when I stopped in at the 100-year-old Ritz Hotel to glimpse its transformation into a temporary art museum. The four-week/four-floor/forty-room art extravaganza at 920 F ST. in old downtown is a joint venture between Washington Project for the Arts (WPA) and Collaborative Projects, Inc. (Colab), of New York City.

Simply called "The Ritz," the project brings together artists from both DC and New York to create installations, murals, sculpture,

photography, video and performance throughout the rooms of the old hotel.

My first impression, walking down the long, high-ceilinged, narrow corridors, two weeks before the scheduled opening, was a forceful reminder that this was — still is — first and foremost a hotel. It has that feel. Those small cubicles with their layered parade of human lives, old and crusty drama oozes out from every corner. And now, more than 100 artists are bringing their dramatic por-

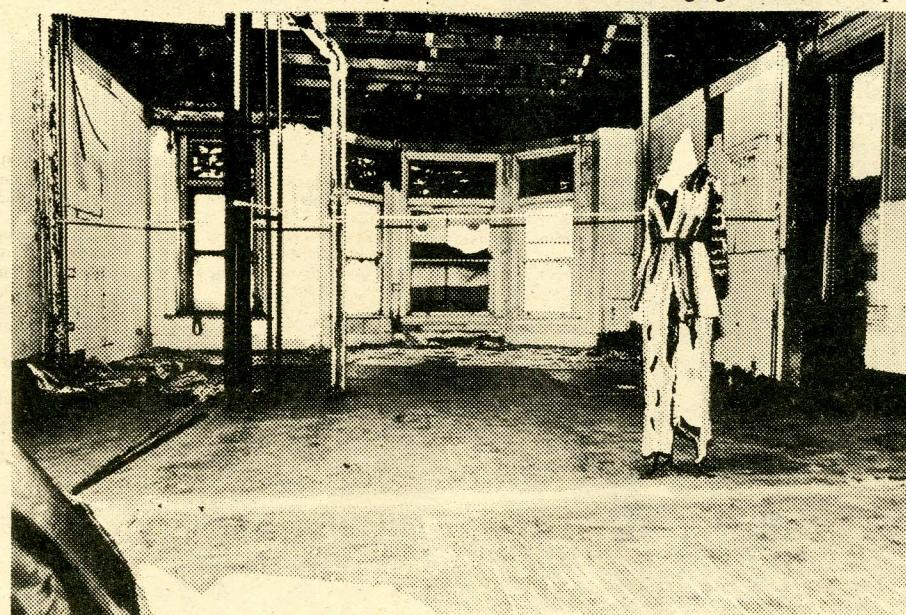


photo by Steve Figliozzi

traiture of life in its most contemporary forms to these sullen halls.

I dallied awhile with two of the artists: Martha from DC and Chris from New York. Martha talked a little bit about the 'ghosts' in the building but more about artists being 'tempted with space' to do something expressive of themselves and their environments.

We talked about whether or not there was a political overtone to the show, looking at a 'nuts to reagan' exhibit in the hallway. Chris didn't think there was, but she *did* sense a certain isolation among the Washington artists and among groups of artists. A similar show by Colab, the occupation of a vacant building in Times Square, had brought a lot of artists together in new relationships, and she wondered if it would have the same effect here.

The idea for the project came from Colab, a loosely organized non-profit artist group has been mounting similar temporary exhibitions in unusual locales for more than 5 years. WPA responded to Colab's idea with enthusiasm, and persuaded the building's owners to donate the hotel. Staffer Helen Brunner feels the show is bringing in a somewhat different group besides just the WPA regulars, and the show particularly appeals to artists who "have the nerve to go in and do things." What does she think is the key to making the project work? "Cooperation."

I return to the scene of the crime about a week later, with two 9 year-old boys as witnesses. The cardboard antlers Chris had been working on hang gracefully near the downstairs entrance. It is a Saturday, and most of the floors are buzzing with a calm, concerted activity. Each floor, each room has its own personality; each landing is different.

The boys want to leave immediately. They do not like the mannequin torsos strewn about, the blood-red colors, the coal-black replica of the Washington monument, the feel of the place. But I drag them around all four floors until we get to Martha's room up at the very top.

"Oh boy!" the kids exclaim, plunging their hands into the fine sand on the floor and staring up at the pastel shapes and tendrils hanging along the wall. "This is the only room in the whole place that we like," they say to Martha, who has four children of her own.

Perhaps the kids have picked up on something about the tenor of our times, some dark spookiness that makes this exhibit seem even a little frightening.

Colab has undertaken other shows on the road with great success. This is the first time, though, for such a joint undertaking in another city. The show at the Ritz is conceived as an "address to Washington," in all of the many ways that phrase can be applied.



photo by Steve Figliozzi

EXHIBITS

Adams Davidson: drawings of the American landscape by the 19th century American artist Edward Seager (7-May 14).

Alexandria Sculpture Festival: approximately 90 pieces displayed in city plazas, waterfront parks, historic homes and gardens, and at the Athenaeum Gallery (2-May 2).

Anne Hathaway: photographs and silkscreen prints by Julie Ainsworth (thru 13).

Anton: graphite drawings by Lowell Tolstedt (thru 14); "Grass Roots Images" — wood carvings and naive paintings by Minnie Black, Carl McKenzie, Earnest Patton, James Bright Bailey, Denzil Goodpaster and others (30-May 25).

Arlington Arts Center: drawings and three-dimensional constructions by Judith Pratt; pen and ink drawings on paper by Randi Trinka; pen and ink drawings with paint on paper by Andrea Way; collage, pastel, paint, graphite on paper by Carol Gigliotti; acrylic paintings on paper and canvas by Stephen Griffin; oil paintings on canvas over masonite panels by Edward Knippers (thru 2).

Art League: watercolors by Washington artist Dana Gunn Winslow inspired by a recent trip to Morocco (8-May 4). Juried membership show (6-May 2).

Baumgartner: recent paintings by Washington artist Sherry Zvares Kasten; interiors of churches, missions and synagogues (thru 9).

B'nai B'rith Museum: paintings by Mindy Weisel and fiber sculpture by Laurie Gross (thru Sept. 5).

Brandeis Juried Exhibition and Sale: second annual show, organized by the Greater Washington Chapter of The Brandeis University National Women's Committee, of Washington area artists in all media; at the Hubert Humphrey Bldg., 200 Independence Ave., S.W.; admission free (16 & 17).

Capital (Capital Centre, Largo): figurative paintings by Therese Spandaro and Steven Hagy (6-May 27).

Corcoran: Sam Gilliam — recent work by the Washington painter including a suite painted for this exhibit and works from his "Red and Black" and "Chasers" series (see profile of Gilliam, this issue) (thru May 15).

Second Western States Exhibition/The 38th Corcoran Biennial Exhibition of American Painting (thru 3).

"Counterpoints: Form and Emotion in Photographs" — appx. 100 photos from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, one third of which have never been on public view (thru May 8). Approximately 50 black and white photographs by Wright Morris (thru May 15).

The Dem Collection: 19th and 20th century American and European art including contemporary artists Jean Peterson and Gisson, and a continual showing of women artists from 1880s and 1980s (cont. indef.).

Discoveries: Middle-Eastern rugs, tapestries, brass, clothing and more (cont. indef.); drawings from the royal tombs of ancient Egypt reproduced on hand-made papyrus (thru 30).

Freer: "Chinese Flower Paintings" — scrolls and album leaves from the 13th through the 19th centuries (thru Aug. 31).

Galeri Inti: a variety of techniques and themes from emerging Latin American artists in the Washington area (thru 15).

Gallery K: pencil drawings by Donald Gates and color-xerox montages by James Crable (thru 2).

Gallery 10: installations, assemblages and webs by sculptor Maxine R. Cable (thru 23).

Gallery West: "Shapes and Shadows" — paintings by Joan Liebman (thru 15).

Glen Echo: drawings in a primitive style with watercolor markers on museum board and sandblasting on glass by Annie MacDonald, and works by Diane Leatherman and Craig Struble (1-28).

Hardart: Rebecca Crumlish — one-woman photo show (15-May 20).

Jane Haslem: original "Bloom County" comic strip drawings by Berke Breathed (thru April).

Jane Haslem Downtown: paintings by David Hollowell (thru April).

Hirshhorn: "Directions 1983" — nearly 40 paintings, drawings, photographs, sculptures and constructed environments by 17 American artists working in New York, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and D.C., with a program of independent films (thru May 15).

La Galeria (Organization of American States): handwoven rugs, tapestries, silver jewelry, Peruvian ratablos, alpaca sweaters, graphic works and other Latin American and Caribbean handicrafts (cont. indef.).

Library of Congress: "The American Cowboy" — one of the

ON THE SCREEN



NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING STARS

Directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani

Night of the Shooting Stars is about a moment when anything is possible—when tradition and habit are displaced by a nightmare jumble of fear, death, and startling beauty set loose by the onslaught of war. In the last days before the Allies liberate a small town in Italy, a group of its citizens are undecided about accepting a German offer to take refuge in a local cathedral. Half of them, mistrustful of the Nazis, take the uncertain and treacherous course of heading for the countryside to make contact with the Americans.

Beauty and ugliness merge in and out of one another in a situation so extreme that the characters exist on a kind of moral edge.

The journey they take is a tightrope between good and evil. As the party of travellers watch from hiding, a German soldier sings opera while accompanying a busload of their dead comrades. The effect is one of unexpected nobility in a brutal setting yet one can't help remembering that the soldier probably took part in the betrayal and bombing of the townspeople tak-

ing Mass in the church. The timbre of his voice and the resonance of the song take on the horrible and corrupt quality of art divorced from morality and conscience.

The war depicted in the film is an incestuous one, with lines drawn unevenly between and within families. In an extraordinary scene that takes place in a half-harvested wheat field, a group of townspeople unexpectedly encounters a group of fascists, and the messy, confusing battle that follows is marked by moments of sudden recognition between old friends and half-forgotten relatives; smiles of affection; then murder. When an old man known for reciting Homer is shot after throwing a pitchfork toward a young fascist, the little girl watching the scene completes the man's gesture by imagining the battle that ensues as a funny and beautiful re-enactment of the Greeks avenging themselves with spears. What had been a pitiful effort is imbued with the heroic quality of epic poetry.

Behind everything is the film is the nearness of death, which allows the characters to behave with truly unusual courage—not only with physical courage, but with the sudden moments of bravery that permit one to express love. "It would have been better forty years ago," says an old man after kissing the woman he has been separated from by class barriers, "I wasn't missing so many teeth back then."

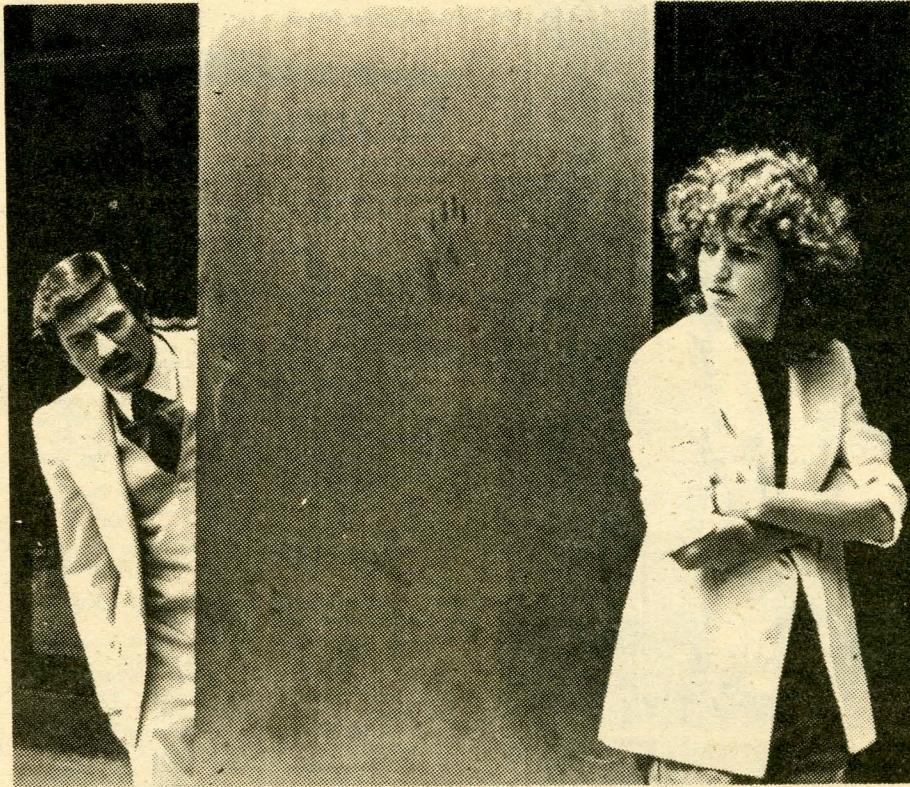
Street Music

Directed by Jenny Bowen

Street Music swings onto the screen with a freshness and appeal that never diminishes. Director Jenny Bowen has successfully emulated the bounce and charisma of the old studio films but with more concern and responsibility for her characters. Set in the tenderloin district of San Francisco, the story involves the romance between Sadie, an energetic street entertainer and Eddie, an unambitious tour guide. Besides trying to keep their love alive, they join with the other, mostly elderly, tenants in their building to protest the planned demolition of their home, the Victory Hotel. The story is straightforward, but frequently detours for a glance at the hotel residents a mixed-bag of colorful, spirited senior citizens. Without becoming too profound (for that is not the tone of the film), Bowen touches on the predicament of the old people.

The technical evenness of the film is outstanding and promises better things to come from first-time independent writer and director, Bowen. Her husband Richard, who worked as producer and cinematographer on the film, admits that they were forced to use many hand held camera shots because they had no money for set-ups or re-shoots. Overcoming the obstacles of independent filmmaking, *Street Music* has emerged as a lesson to Hollywood. It is a film with the perfect chemistry of superb acting, great script and high production values—made for the right price.

Rosie Rexach



The direction and tone of *Night* is objective and compassionate. Its focus is always on the characters of the film, and they are treated alike with a dignity that takes measure of the nobility mixed up in even the most squalid people and circumstances.

Darick Allan

The King of Comedy

directed by Martin Scorsese

The King of Comedy is a dramatic comedy that explores idol worship and one man's obsessive search for fame and recognition. Robert Pupkin (Robert DeNiro) is an aspiring comedian, who, with his fanatical friend Masha, frequent the backstage crowds to see their idol, talk show host Jerry Langford (Jerry Lewis).

After being denied an audition, Robert kidnaps Jerry and negotiates a trade—Jerry's freedom for an appearance on the Jerry Langford show. The casting presents an interesting twist. Jerry Lewis, noted for his years of playing the comic buffoon, now is Jerry Langford, a somewhat serious entertainer, very bored with his fame. Robert DeNiro is his usual captivating self, but the shallowness of the script inhibits his performance. Muffled under the tight control of the story and script, DeNiro's talents never fully emerge. Newcomer Sandra Bernhard supplies the spice, with her forceful portrayal of Masha.

As in other Scorsese films (most notably *Taxi Driver*) the environment offers its characters no comfort or security. Robert's world is the starkness of an office waiting room and the hostile crowded streets of New York City. His living room is arranged like a T.V. stage with life-size cardboard cut-outs of Jerry Lansford and Liza Minnelli, and gradually his delusions work their way into the reality of the film. Under the guise of sequential jumps, Scorsese skillfully intertwines scenes of the relationship Robert would like to have with Jerry with his real life situation.

Over the years, Scorsese has successfully experimented in many varied film genres—everything from the documentary (*The Last Waltz*) to the musical (*New York, New York*). This project, however, seems to lack the multi-faceted style of Scorsese's previous work. Although well constructed, the film never really extends beyond the limitations of Robert's personal obsession. The eccentricity of the main character doesn't save the film from being flat and one dimensional.

Rosie Rexach

REELS TO COME

by Darick Allan

"Art is revolutionary," declares Henri Gaudier in Ken Russell's *Savage Messiah*; this biopic of the sculptor's life portrays the passion and gestures by which conceptions become realized into gestures by which conceptions become realized into beauty. For years Russell had wanted to make a film about the sheer labor of artistry, and he found an appropriate illustration of it in the life of an extraordinary French sculptor who died at 23 after enlisting during World War I. This is the most subdued of all of Russell's films about artists, probably because he was dealing with a man who was dedicated rather than ruthless. For Gaudier, desperation was channeled into ingenuity instead of self-destruction and reproach. In a major scene that is first comical, and then thrilling, Gaudier steals



a tombstone from a nearby cemetery and chips at the marble through the night so that he can deliver, first thing in the morning, a piece of work he had promised to an art dealer but did not have. The response to his effort is indifference. Gaudier is the kind of artist conscious of, and reassured by, an almost unlimited power to create exquisitely. The beautiful ending to this film, which combines shots of his posthumous exhibition with the face of his mourning lover, is about the ability of those forms to survive personal tragedy and waste.

The first area showing of *Savage Messiah* in five years will be held at D.C. Space on April 14 at 8:00 and 10:00pm. Admission \$3.00.

The style and content of *The Music Lovers*, Russell's biopic of Peter Tchaikovsky, on the other hand, is one of unrestrained exuberance—it is a film of ravishing beauty that is yet so intense it takes on its subject. The music composed by Tchaikovsky in the film is created out of excess through a life spent with fabulous indulgence. *The Music Lovers* is beautifully composed in wide-screen; the camera practically surges through Tchaikovsky's life as if it were hungry for color and music. What is unique about this film is the way it embodies a kind of decayed inspiration—the moment at which the power and joy of an artist's creative drive becomes tinged with narcissism. At the Biograph April 12-14.

"We would burn the set up with light, and then photograph it with a fog filter, then with color filters, so the whole thing would have a monochrome quality" is how John Huston once described the lighting strategy of *Moulin Rouge*. Though his version of the French impressionist Toulouse-Lautrec's life is more uneven than the two Ken Russell films being shown this month, it was the first film ever made to actually control color and use it thematically. The look of the film and its period's atmosphere evokes the texture of an artist's mind and his attempt to establish character through color and light. *Moulin Rouge* is an impressionist version of the nightlife Lautrec was most attracted to, with its garish light flattened out to give its mixture of hues a single tone. Yet this is a compromised

film, lending itself to sentimentality and giving in to its own beauty—as the story of the film weakens, its physical loveliness becomes overwhelming and out of control. It is well worth seeing as a very ambitious effort that fell prey to its own innovations. The AFI theatre, April 12 at 8:45; April 14 at 6:30.

Blade Runner is now listed as one of the major releases last year which lost a lot of money. First there were rumours that Warner's executives were "disappointed" in the production; then word that drastic cutting was taking place. There is no doubt that the film that was finally released is a mutilated version of what Ridley Scott originally intended to present, or that the version is flawed. Yet *Blade Runner* is built upon a grand idea, and even tattered grandeur has stature and force. In a futuristic re-working of *Frankenstein* and *Paradise Lost*, four androids escape to L.A. to fight the early death programmed into their genes. Their confrontation with a hired killer (Harrison Ford) and finally their maker, is a dark and compelling account of circumstance colliding with moral fissures and revenge. The truly extraordinary art direction of the film creates the texture of a cluttered society brimming with technology and decay; its cinematography is a color version of the backlighting and brooding shadows of *Citizen Kane*. Midnight, April 8, 9, at the Hoff Theatre.

AFI—American Film Institute
Kennedy Center, 785-4600
AU—American University
BFF—Baltimore Film Forum
Meyerhoff Auditorium, Baltimore Museum of Art, 301-685-4170
BIO—Biograph Theater
2819 M St., N.W., 333-2696
CCM—Community Cafe & Bookstore
4949 Bethesda Ave., Bethesda, Md., 986-0848
CIR—Circle Theater
2105 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., 331-7480
COR—Corcoran Galery
DCS—d.c. space
FMI—Free Men Inc.
Martin Luther King Library, 901 G St., N.W.
Room 315
HIR—Hirshhorn
LAD—Lisner Auditorium
GWU, 21st and H St., N.W., 547-6900
MAA—Museum of American Art
NGA—National Gallery of Art
6th & Constitution, N.W., 737-4215, free
REN—Renwick
SFC—Sidwell Friends Cinema
3825 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., 537-8160
UMD—University of Maryland, College Park
Hoff Theater, Student Union, 454-2594
WTB—Wolf Trap Barns
Wolf Trap Farm Park, Vienna, VA., 938-2404

FRI 1

April Fools: Antic Animation in the 80's 8:00 HIR
The African Queen ('51) 5:30 AFI
Beat the Devil ('54) 7:30 AFI
Double Indemnity ('44) 9:15 AFI
The Mouse That Roared 9:00 CCM
Best Friends ('82) 2:00, 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Mad Max ('81) midnight UMD
Watership Down & The Great Muppet Caper CIR
Meet Me in St. Louis ('44) & *The Wizard of Oz* ('39) BIO

SAT 2

Leonardo: To Know How To See ('72) 12:30 NGA
Report From the Aleutians ('43), *The Battle of San Pietro* ('45), & *Let There Be Light* ('45) 2:00 AFI
The Song of Bernadette ('43) 8:30 AFI
Best of Fest [two hours of imaginative and stimulating short films by some of the finest independent filmmakers in the world.] 7:30 BFF
They All Laughed ('81) 9:45 BFF
The Diary of a Chambermaid ('46) 2:30 NGA
Best Friends ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Mad Max ('81) midnight UMD
New Cartoons 11a.m. HIR
The American Image [an historical survey of American art which includes interviews with Hopper, Wyeth and Rauschenberg.] 1:00 HIR
Watership Down & The Great Muppet Caper CIR
Meet Me in St. Louis ('44) & *The Wizard of Oz* ('39) BIO
Senso ('54) 6:00 AFI

SUN 3

Leonardo: To Know How To See ('72) 12:30 INGA
The African Queen ('51) 7:15 AFI
Serenade ('50) 5:00 AFI
The Song of Bernadette ('43) 2:00 AFI
Easter Parade ('48) 2:00 BFF
Eboli ('79) [uncut, full length version] 7:30 BFF
Best Friends ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Meet Me in St. Louis ('44) & *The Wizard of Oz* ('39) BIO

MON 4

Caught ('49) [David Elliot introduces Max Ophuls' third American film.] 7:30 AFI
Playtime ('67) 5:30 AU
The Night of the Generals ('67) 8:10 AU
Meet Me in St. Louis ('44) & *The Wizard of Oz* ('39) BIO

TUE 5

Slow Attack ('81) 7:30 BFF
The Willi Busch Report ('81) 9:45 BFF
The Atomic Cafe ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Beat the Devil ('54) 6:30 AFI
Now Voyager ('42) & *Mildred Pierce* ('45) BIO
The Divorcee ('30) & *Dangerous* ('35) 8:15 AFI
The Third Man ('50) 5:30 AU
Sylvia, Fran and Joy ('73), *Joyce at 34* ('72) & *Am I Wife, Mother, or Me?* ('75) 8:10 AU
Der Hauptmann Von Kopenick ('56) 8:00 WTB

WED 6

The Atomic Cafe ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD

Serenade ('56) 8:45 AFI
Les Diaboliques ('54) 5:30 AU
Now, *Voyager* ('42) & *Mildred Pierce* ('45) BIO

THU 7

The Maltese Falcon ('41) 6:30 AFI
The Divorcee ('30) & *Dangerous* ('35) 8:30 AFI
Sea of Roses ('78) 7:30 BFF
Witness ('68) 9:45 AFI
My Favorite Year ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Grand Canyon by Dory 7:30 LAD
Now Voyager ('42) & *Mildred Pierce* ('45) BIO
Report ('63 — '67), *Oh Dem Watermelons* ('65), *Bleu Shut* ('70), *Lovemaking* ('71), *Moon* ('69) *Chinese Firedrill* ('68), *My Name is Oona* ('71), & *Take-Off* ('73) 8:10 AU

FRI 8

The Aviator's Wife ('80) 5:30, 7:30 & 9:30 AFI
Sleeping Dogs ('77) 7:30 BFF
Yol ('82) 9:45 BFF
My Favorite Year ('82) 2:00, 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Pat and Mike ('52) & *Ninotchka* ('39) BIO

SAT 9

The Aviator's Wife ('80) 5:00 AFI
Le Petit Theatre de Jean Renoir ('69) NGA
My Favorite Year ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Blade Runner ('82) midnight UMD
The Maltese Falcon ('41) 7:00 AFI
Butterfly ('82) 9:00 AFI
Growing Up ('81) [appearance by the director] 1:00 BFF
Sally and Freedom ('81) 3:00 BFF

Inter Nos ('81) [appearance by the director] 5:00 BFF
Marianne and Julianne ('81) 7:30 BFF
State of Things ('82) 9:45 BFF
Pat and Mike ('52) & *Ninotchka* ('39) BIO
Monty Python and the Holy Grail 9:00 CCM

SUN 10

Report From the Aleutians ('43), *The Battle of San Pietro* ('45), & *Let There Be Light* ('45) 1:30 AFI
Butterfly ('82) 5:00 AFI
Jose de Creest noon & 3:00 MAA
Report From Hollywood ('83) & *Lightning Over Water* ('80) [appearance by cinematographer Ed Lachman] 7:30 BFF
My Favorite Year ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Pat and Mike ('52) & *Ninotchka* ('39) BIO

MON 11

The American Friend ('77) 5:30 AU
Dita Saxoua ('68) 8:10 AU
Pat and Mike ('52) & *Ninotchka* ('39) BIO

TUE 12

Moulin Rouge ('52) 8:45 AFI
Marianne and Julianne ('81) 9:45 BFF
Camera Buff ('79) 7:30 BFF
Marat/Sade ('67) & *The Music Lovers* ('71) BIO
In the Kitchen ('70) & *Knife in the Water* ('61) 5:30 AU
Harlan County, USA ('76) 8:10 AU
Possum Living, Agent Orange & In Our Water 6:30 AFI

WED 13

Sweet Hours ('82) 7:30 BFF
El Nido ('80) 9:45 BFF
Gregory's Girl ('81) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Marat/Sade ('67) & *The Music Lovers* ('71) BIO
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre ('74) 5:30 AU

THU 14

Savage Messiah ('72) 8:00, 10:00 DCS
Moulin Rouge ('52) 6:30 AFI
Algiers ('38) & *Gypsy Wildcat* ('44) 8:45 AFI
Josepha ('82) 7:30 BFF
A Week's Vacation ('80) 9:45 BFF
Reed Shadows [dance film] 7:00 COR
Breaker Morant ('81) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Marat/Sade ('67) & *The Music Lovers* ('71) BIO
Arnulf Rainer ('58), *Wavelength* ('66), *Necrology* ('69), *Runaway* ('69), *Razor Blades* ('65), *Variations On a Cellophane Wrapper*, & *Surfacing On The Thames* ('70) 8:10 AU

FRI 15

Michael Marton in Person [An AFI Screening Room presentation of a video documentary whose work has won prizes in several countries.] 8:30 AFI
LaFemme Enfant ('80) 7:30 BFF
Invitation fu Voyage ('82) 9:45 BFF
The Odd Couple 9:00 CCM
Breaker Morant ('81) 2:00, 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Fritz the Cat midnight UMD
Theodora Goes Wild ('36) 6:30 AFI
North by Northwest ('59) & *The Thin Man* ('34) BIO
The Song Remains the Same ('73) 7:45 SFC

SAT 16

The Postman Always Rings Twice ('46) & *The Postman Always Rings Twice* ('81) 4:00 & 8:30 AFI
The Farewell ('82) 1:00 BFF
Gotta Run ('81) 3:00 BFF
Xica ('76) 7:30 BFF
Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo ('70) 9:45 BFF
Gallipoli ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Fritz the Cat midnight UMD
North by Northwest ('59) & *The Thin Man* ('34) BIO

SUN 17

Master's of Modern Sculpture ('78) & *In Claes Oldenburg*; *Ice Bag* ('70) noon & 3:00 MAA
The Taste of Water ('82) 7:30 BFF
Eijanaika (Why Not?) ('81) 9:15 BFF
Gallipoli ('82) 7:00 & 9:30 UMD
Theodora Goes Wild ('36) 6:00 AFI
Algiers ('38) & *Gypsy Wildcat* ('44) 8:00 AFI
North by Northwest ('59) & *The Thin Man* ('34) BIO

MON 18

Moby Dick ('56) 6:30 AFI
Mon Oncle D'Amérique ('81) 5:30 AU
Judgement at Nuremberg ('61) 8:10 AU
North by Northwest ('59) & *The Thin Man* ('34) BIO
Between Men 7:00 FMI
Nan's Class, Am I Normal, An Acquired Taste, & Love It Like a Fool 8:45 AFI

TUE 19

Moby Dick ('56) 6:30 AFI
La Femme Enfant ('80) 9:45 BFF
Muddy River ('81) 7:30 BFF
Death in the Garden ('56) 6:30 AFI
North by Northwest ('59) & *The Thin Man* ('34) BIO
Open City ('46) 5:30 AU
With Babies and Banners ('78) & *Union Maids* ('76) 8:10 AU
Nathan Der Weise ('67) 8:00 WTB

WED 20

Once Upon a Time ('44) 6:30 AFI
Diary of a Chambermaid ('64) & *Death in the Garden* ('56) 8:15 AFI
Don't Look Now ('73) 5:30 AU
The Passion of Anna ('69) & *Persona* ('67) BIO

THU 21

The Man Who Would Be King ('75) 8:30 AFI
Kingdom of Bronze [documents the lost wax method of casting which has been used for 500 years by the Nigerian metal workers of Benin.] 11a.m., noon & 1:00 REN
The Great Chess Movie ('82) & *Portrait of the Artist as an Old Lady* ('82) 7:30 BFF
The Picture Show Man ('77) 9:45 BFF
Diary of a Chambermaid ('64) 6:30 AFI
The Passion of Anna ('69) & *Persona* ('67) BIO
City View in Old Kodachrome ('75), *Powers of Ten* ('78), *Zorn's Lemma* ('70), *Surface Tension* ('68), *The Grandmother* ('67) 8:10 AU

FRI 22

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre ('47) 6:30 AFI
Yol ('82) 7:30 BFF
The Judge and the Assassin ('75) 9:45 BFF
The Gilded Lily ('35) & *Everybody Does It* ('49) 9:00 AFI
Some Like It Hot ('59) & *The Misfits* ('61) BIO
The Out of Towners 9:00 CCM
Night of the Lepus ('72) 7:45 SFC

SAT 23

The Man Who Would Be King ('75) 6:15 AFI
Isamu Noguchi ('73) & *George Segal* ('79) noon & 3:00 MAA
Muddy River ('81) 7:30 BFF
Broken Sky ('82) 1:00 BFF
Witch Hunt ('81) 3:00 BFF
Tree of Knowledge ('81) 5:00 BFF
Brigitte Haas Must Be Killed ('81) 9:45 BFF
The Gilded Lily ('35) & *Everybody Does It* ('49) 8:45 AFI
Illusion Travels By Streetcar ('54) 4:30 AFI
Some Like It Hot ('59) & *The Misfits* ('61) BIO

SUN 24

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre ('47) 6:30 AFI
The Seven Samurai ('54) [uncut version] 7:30 BFF
The Guardsman ('31) 9:00 AFI
The Young One ('60) 4:30 AFI
Some Like It Hot ('59) & *The Misfits* ('61) BIO

MON 25

The Guardsman ('31) 6:30 AFI
The Loved One ('65) & *Where's Poppa?* ('69) BIO
Illusion Travels By Streetcar ('54) & *The Young One* ('61)

TUE 26

The Misfits ('61) 6:30 AFI
The Teahouse of the August Moon 9:00 AFI
The Loved One ('65) & *Where's Poppa?* ('69) BIO

cont. on pg. 38

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ON RECORD

Minuteman
What Makes A Man Start Fires
SST

The Minuteman's new record proves the myth of hardcore's stylistic narrowmindedness false in such spectacular terms that future anti-HC broadsides hinged on that point must surely be greeted with the same righteous derision as prehistoric protestations of the Pelvis' lack of aesthetic firepower. Yeah, it's that good.

What Makes A Man Start Fires is somewhat reminiscent of early Gang of Four sides with its inspired fusion of butt-thrust funk, the kooky side of avant-garde and vintage punk spunk. Somewhat. The Minutemen have a more melodic bent and an unaffected tone of intimacy — subtle flashes of roots pop or rock every so often — that personalizes where the Four pontificate. You get the impression that they came upon their amazing format eating Big Macs rather than reading Marx. This is nerve-wrackingly beautiful stuff; file next to "Meat Puppets."

H.W.

The Widespread Jazz Orchestra
Swing Is The Thing
Adelphi Records

Yeah, I thought I'd never like a band whose repertoire consisted solely of swing and swing based material either. It's not the songs themselves, for many of them hold a special place in this reviewer's ticker, it's just the way many of these neoswing revivalist bands moon over the demise of an era responsible for the bomb, cheap gas, white picket fences, and some of the most vicious racism this side of Johannesburg.

Like I said, I thought I'd never swing to this stuff again. But I have to admit, these guys have done something quite difficult and done it well. Ain't many aggregations who can capture the spirit of the best big band stuff and, in the words of one Ezra Pound, "make it new." These dudes do, though, and it's their strong solos that give the music its unique flavor and bite. That and their humor. Laughs misplaced would only make what was often already corny stuff even more so. Here, the balance never sways, so that one can dance and laugh, or just dance. Or just chuckle.

But at least you won't be totally repulsed, which, face it, is saying a lot these days, especially when you read the papers or watch the news.

R.M.J.

Teresa Brewer and Stephane Grappelli
On the Road Again
Doctor Jazz

Once, Teresa Brewer was a pop hitmaker. Her little-girl-with-a-big-voice chirps sold millions of records, and she was inevitably labeled "perky" because of her tiny stature and bright, belting style. Over the last few years, she has made a conscious decision to become a jazz singer. She has recorded with the Ellington Orchestra, Earl Hines, and the Count Basie Band. She has abandoned her rip-roaring style for a sincere and controlled approach, and now is able to concentrate on her emotional interpretations.

While still not a jazz singer of the first rank, she projects warmth and respect for the material. Brewer's control, it appears, stems in some measure from residual insecurity about her abilities. Every time she relaxes on this LP, she turns out a first-rate performance, and never gives a bad one. She finds things in the title tune that even old Willie never suspected were there. While she still shows debts to Dinah Washington, Lady Day, and the young Ella, her jazz chops are developing nicely.

Accompanying her is the Stephane Grappelli Quartet, featuring Martin Taylor. Grappelli has been a major jazz star since 1934. His pre-eminence in small-band swing is undiminished. To understand "swing" truly, one listens to the small groups. (Only Count Basie and Jimmie Lunceford could consistently swing a big band.) The music moves constantly, hot even in ballad

tempo, cooking its buns off.

Martin Taylor may be the best young guitarist alive. His performances here are brilliant, whether playing leads, or accompanying Brewer and Grappelli. He takes astonishing chances, and works himself out of impossible corners by sliding across keys and changing rhythms. In his recent gig here, with Emily Remler, this was the high point of the show, watching and hearing Taylor perform magic on the guitar and swing at the same time.

Standout numbers on the LP are "Come On and Drive Me Crazy," composed by Brewer, which illustrates what great musicians can do with scant material. Grappelli and Taylor make the most of the lightly swinging melody, and Brewer does well with her cute lyric. Listen to Grappelli's obligatos behind Brewer in the second part of the tune. Wow. "Smile" shows off Grappelli's ability on the piano. "After You've Gone" is the tour-de-force number one has come to expect on all Grappelli albums. It swings like mad, and Brewer turns in a restrained, sweet vocal. Nice tune.

Side two has a hot ballad, "Don't Take Your Love From Me," and a light swinger, "Them There Eyes," which is Taylor's most amazing performance in a bunch of superb ones.

This LP is highly recommended. If you think jazz must be complex and intellectual, Grappelli will prove that sophisticated music is pretty and fun, and Brewer's earnest vocals will touch you.

E.B.

Richard Barone and James Mastro
Nuts and Bolts
Passport Records



Pop songwriting craftsmanship may never regain the heights of the Lennon-McCartney, Brill Building 1960s, but it's good to hear current practitioners having a go at it.

Richard Barone and James Mastro have taken a break from their full-time band, the Bongos, to turn out an enjoyable album of '60s-influenced songs with melodies designed to become embedded in your brain, songs that cause you to sing along helplessly after a few listens.

Barone and Mastro, however, are not exactly pure pop artists like, say, Marshall Crenshaw, who launches an all-out assault on your pop sensibilities and wants nothing more than to get the crowd dancing. These guys try for a little more, and are not quite as successful. Combining depth with accessibility is the hardest trick to pull, and the mix doesn't always work here. It sounds awkward in a few spots, a little too dramatic or ambitious.

There's not one real rocker on this record, except for a straight-faced cover of the old Tommy Roe ditty, "Dizzy." They're more concerned with trying to create other moods. Crenshaw would never write anything as dark as

*Baby lost in a ballroom,
Cat walks 'cross a highway,
Serpents sing in a bedroom,
And you look five years old.*

They deal more in consternation than celebration. But give it an 85; it's got a good beat and you can ruminate to it.

B.M.

The Spoons
Arias & Symphonies
A&M Records

Take one part Genesis-inspired melodies, one part dance club rhythms, two parts youthful exuberance and beauty, hire (producer) Jon Punter to stir well. What've you got?

Perhaps the most accomplished "new wave" band to come out of North America since the Talking Heads' debut. And it's not even American. It's Made in Canada.

The Spoons have a penchant for surging orchestral oceans and trickling musical nuance. So what if their lyrics are a bit naively banal? So what if their vinyl product isn't quite as scintillating as their live performance? This is a pastiche of stunningly beautiful muzak. There is nothing here to offend your parents...actually, your parents will probably love this band. It's so attractive, so clean cut, so *normal* and professedly suburban.

The Spoons — for the most part — are classically trained. And they sound classically trained. This is not to say they don't make lovely pop music. It just ain't rock and roll.

K.G.

Gil Evans
Priestess
Antilles Records

This collection gives us another piece of the scattered puzzle that is Gil Evans' recorded output from the 1970s. First it was the good fold at Inner City records who saw fit to release some material, then John Snyder's Artist House label gave us the remarkable *Where Flamingoes Fly*. Now Island Records has decided to issue the tapes from a 1977 concert featuring Gil and friends, and it's interesting, too, downright marvellous in spots, though it's not the successful collage we got from the Artist House album.

Now let me warn you, anyone with a low tolerance for David Sanborn best keep moving. He's the featured soloist on "A Short Visit," and also contributes to the title tune, a composition by the great Billy Harper. But despite Sanborn's fusion credentials, he does a pretty good job of staying afloat in the ocean that is big band playing, even if he does resort to the same old cliches a little too often. Conversely, Sanborn's blue leanings are perfect for the rendition of Charles Mingus' "Orange Was The Color Of Her Dress," wherein his unmistakable ensemble-moans give the reeds a hue similar to what Johnny Hodges did for the Ellington organization. And let us not forget George Adams' outburst of lyricism on this composition. Is there any doubt as to why Mingus himself chose him as a member of one his greatest Jazz Workshops ever?

And Gil Evans. His arrangements have always been stamped with his tradition-drenched yet original outlook. Those wary of electronic/acoustic might do well to dig into this one. Like the Kress/Barnes, it's a good starting point. And believe me, once you get into what this man has done over the years, you'll be glad you took that initial step.

R.M.J.

Obo Addy
Kukrudu
Cascade

Kukrudu means "earthquake." The title is apt, because this album can shake your walls and knock you right off your feet. Obo Addy, a traditional drummer from Ghana, has gathered around himself a group of inspired U.S. musicians and created a work that represents the best of both worlds. There is nothing ad hoc about this music — no floundering, no noodling, and no throwaways.

Besides audacious originality, Obo's contribution to the mixture includes his "magic hands," a great voice and a lifetime repertoire of traditional and modern rhythms from Ghana. All of the selections on the album are supported by a foundation of these rhythms.

A traditional Ghanaian rhythm can be simple or complex; such rhythms are usually simple and

complex, composed of layer upon layer of different patterns and percussive voices, with all the independent cycles creating an ebb and flow that yields a dominant beat. The mind is pleasantly boggled, but the body usually finds a way to follow the rhythm. Add a melody and improvisation, and the interplay becomes even more complicated and delightful. By combining multiple tracking with traps; electric bass, guitar, and keyboard; and a full range of horns, Obo Addy has created a work of beauty and originality.

Kukrudu is powerful stuff. Obo Addy has taken the long view, geographically and historically, and the result is music of immediate beauty and lasting value. Ask for it.

D.E.

Liz Meyer
Once A Day
Adelphi Records

Liz Meyer's latest is a country time-capsule spanning the years 1975-1977, when the Washington music scene was really growing. The energy and feeling evident on the album is reminiscent of the Gram Parsons—Emmy Lou Harris school of country music.

Liz's quivery vocals evoke the pain and heartache that are so much a part of this genre and are backed by guitars, pedal steel guitar, piano, drums, and beautiful harmonies. Two of the artists featured are Emmy Lou Harris on back-up vocals, and Mike Auldridge on dobro.

If you like your country music pure and not Nashvilled to death (over produced with strings 'n things), pick up *Once A Day*.

J.L.

Minor Threat
Out of Step
Dischord, 12" EP

So, here is at last, Minor Threat's punk-rock record. Where their first three salvos defied, and thus redefined the limitations of HC orthodoxy, this new recording drops back for a closer look at the genre's origins. One step forward, two steps back; "out of step" indeed!

The songs here are longer, slower, tougher and in general, more rock 'n' roll. The playing's rill, rill tight...shit! I never would have believed I'd wind up dredging up lame lines like that to compliment this crew! But there you have it. Most of the accomplishments here are technical, and impressive enough on that level to warrant kudos aplenty. Methinks, *Out of Step* represents a period of transition, a learning experience — consolidation. You can see Minor Threat honing their craft to a razor's edge here; let's just hope they'll be willing to start slashing freely when the right time comes.

Out of Step is still one of the best punk-rock records you're likely to hear in '83. No one's made this sort of post-neo-trad rock paraphrasing sound so hard and lethal and liberating since the Flesheaters. If you can do without records like this you're either dead or incredibly stupid.

H.W.

George Barnes and Carl Kress
Two Guitars
Stash Records

How ironic that George Barnes, a man with so much Django in his fingers and soul, didn't think much of the great gypsy guitarist. Seems that Barnes was fond of trumpeters, and sought to emulate their tonal qualities and phrasing. Nevertheless, his playing is haunted by the spirit of Django, especially on the ballads, when Barnes' tone bathes the ears and heart in a soulfulness, a sadness.

Barnes partner is the equally capable Carl Kress. And though Kress' role is primarily that of rhythm guitarist, you can toss all those visions of a man strumming simple major or minor triads out the window. Kress' strummings are almost always the perfect foil for Barnes' sprightly melodic sense. There is a small bit of corn emanating from his fingers on occasion, but not enough for moonshine or disgust.

In short, a collection for those who've always

loved good jazz — hell, good music of any genre. But it is also a good starting point for those disillusioned with all those fuzz tones and phase shifter. Come on out from all that wattle and listen to what the fingers, heart and soul can do.

R.M.J.

The Casuals featuring Johnny Sportcoat
Walk Faster
Casualrama Records

If college party bands can be called a genre unto themselves, the Casuals are a vintage example of the form, University of Virginia style. That's not meant as a compliment.

They are a reasonably tight group, and they must be given credit for doing all original songs, although it would be nice to hear a well-chosen cover tune thrown in.

On the other hand, they have their college-band faults. They have a guitarist who knows a lot of tricks, and will not be satisfied until he uses every one of those tricks, and accomplishes nothing other than the creation of a lot of noise. On one tune, "Friends and Lovers," they have somebody singing who needs to be mercifully stifled right away.

Most important, though, they're trying to be cool, and they lack any touch of humor or just plain fun that would make their pretensions bearable. Instead, they maintain a smug affection which turns certain songs into downright embarrassments. The rest are just uninteresting.

One more complaint: They never explain who Johnny Sport coat is.

B.M.

John McLaughlin
Music Spoken Here
Warner Records

A decade has past since the Mahavishnu Orchestra set the standards by which subsequent jazz-rock ensembles are judged, yet John McLaughlin continues to command enormous respect in both the jazz and rock communities. Having mastered most, if not all, of the recognized musical elements of the jazz and fusion domains, McLaughlin feels free to occasionally dabble in his own idiosyncratic explorations of eclectic counterpoint.

The results can be uneven and, at times, self-indulgent, but each new McLaughlin undertaking can be characterized by discernible amounts of brilliance. *Music Spoken Here* is no exception. His performance is largely subdued, and on "Brise De Coeur," the piano textures set by Katia Labeque and Francois Couturier provide an excellent complimentary backdrop for McLaughlin's acoustic guitar solos. His electric guitar, while still retaining its melodic and harmonic fire, is restrained and disciplined.

The songs vary in scope and substance, from the succinct Mediterranean strains of "Viene Clareando" to the lengthier, multi-faceted mood changes of "Blues for L.W." For those who needed convincing, the album offers proof of McLaughlin's ability to be inventive outside the context of a formal combo, without being sanctimonious in the process.

M.E.

Shakin' Stevens
Give Me Your Heart Tonight
Epic

Shakin' Stevens, one of the prime movers behind England's rockabilly revival, has taken traditional rock'n'roll a few miles up town with sophisticated arrangements and the best in clean, modern production. But don't let those city airs (and that rebellious preppie cover pose) fool you. Rockabilly boy or not, this guy's got the right spirit!

From beginning to end (with the exception of a ballad or two), this lp shakes, rattles, and rolls in fine style. When the needle hits the first note of the set's opening number "Josephine," you'll be up and dancing. Stevens' Roy Orbison-like

baritone is just what the rock'n'roll doctor-ordered, as is the fine performance by the backing players who lay down that classic backbeat. Lead guitarist Billy Bremner's clean, hot licks propel the band while the Rumour Brass chimes in with some hot Dixieland blowing that splices up the proceedings grandly. There's even accordion on several cuts, filling the role that saxophone usually does. Now if rock'n'rollers can use accordion, does that mean we'll now see a plethora of folk bands sporting saxophones?

Anyhow, all that philosophical speculation aside, Shakin' Stevens has created here a fine rock'n'roll set with a dash of English polish. This stuff will definitely cure those rock'n'roll blues. Or any other kind.

K.R.

Soft Cell
The Art of Falling Apart
Sire Records

My first reaction to *The Art of Falling Apart* was so negative that I felt I should give myself additional listening time; after all, this is a Soft Cell album. Okay, I even checked the old stuff and listened to the new yet again.

No matter. After all that, all I've gotten is ear fatigue. This lp just ain't happenin'. If nothing else, Marc Almond (vocals) and David Ball (keyboards and noises) have started a new genre — Bad Rock Opera. Almond sings these songs' with all the elan and panache of Anthony Newley. Yechhh!

The Art is not a total loss. There are a few good songs: "Numbers," "Heat" and "Kitchen Sink Drama;" however, basically the record's a frisbee. Oh yeah—there's a limited edition 12" 45 accompanying *Art* featuring an outrageous Hendrix medley (Almond moos "purple haazzzze"). It's almost worth the price of the lp — almost.

I give *The Art of Falling Apart* a 56. Dick.

T.T.

Nick Lowe
The Adominable Showman
Columbia

Paul Carrack, Martin Belmont and the rest of Noise To Go back Nick Lowe on this twelve song pop excursion into 50's/60's-flavored rock. Most of the songs deal with some aspect of love or relationships.

"Paid The Price," a croony ballad, is reminiscent of Buddy Holly's use of strings to back a song while Carrack's Motown roots show up in such soulful pop tunes as "Time Wounds All Heels" and "Man of a Fool." There is also a bit of a Rockpile kick in the album as showcased in "Saint Beneath The Paint."



Lowe uses his voice as one musical element carefully arranged and combined with the other musical elements in each song. This results in a pleasant, well crafted work but not powerful and continues the direction taken in *Nick the Knife*, with a nice balance of slow and upbeat numbers.

However, Nick Lowe, "Prophet of Pop," has become Nick Lowe, "Purveyor of Pop." The music is light-weight and most of the lyrics lack both the seriousness and the humor present in *Pure Pop For Now People*. But Nick can still

turn a phrase when he so desires. From "Man Of A Fool" we hear Nick sing, "for every woman who ever made a fool of a man, there's a woman made a man of a fool."

Lowe produces the most enjoyable fluff around pure enjoyment, but I still miss the "Jesus of Cool."

J.L.

Keith Killgo
Keith Killgo
BWI Records

Ex-Blackbyrd Keith Killgo waxes smooth and funky on this 12 inch EP. He makes Tommy James' "Crystal Blue Persuasion" palatable with an added rhythmic kick. "Loving You Is Good", with its tasteful keyboards, octave guitars and up-front vocals is a classy Gamble-Huff-inspired production. Killgo has a way with ballads too—check out his self-penned, "I'm Still Yours."

Side Two is burn city time with the dance fever of "When the Lights Are Out (Make It Right)".

There's a bit of rappin', some fine falsetto vocals and one mean groove. So stop reading, already! You should be dancing.

C. McC.

Nile Rodgers
Adventures In The Land of The Good Groove
Mirage Records

Nile Rodgers is lead guitar and co-leader/writer/arranger (with bassist Bernard Edwards) of cool boogie funk group Chic. Also he's known for producing Debbie Harry's lambasted lp *Koo Koo* (I dig it, myself) and La Ross' mega-platinum *Diana* lp. Rodgers is currently producing David Bowie's next record; so it's a state of master planning to have a solo effort from which to ascertain where the guitarist is at in his musician/producer development.

Adventures In The Land of The Good Groove is what it is. Each song begins with a rhythmic set up (drum machine pattern, synth-handclaps) and just cuts a groove in your dancing soul that goes to the bone — I mean, it's vicious!

Admittedly the lyrics ain't too swift — the titles ("Yum-Yum," "My Love Song For You" and "Rock Bottom") sum up the content — but remember this is the Land of the Good Groove; the rhythm is the message.

Personal faves are "It's All In Your Hands," "Most Down" and the wild Rick James send-up, "Get Her Crazy."

All in all, *Adventures* is a fine showcase for the talents of Nile Rodgers. I can't wait until the recorded encounter of Mr. Groove and the Thin White Duke...it's gonna be one serious party!

T.T.

Pete Townshend
Scoop
ATCO

There is a rumor going around that the reason The Who quit touring was so they could devote their time to merchandising Who memorabilia. Exhibit A: Pete Townshend *Scoop*.

Oh, how quaint can one middle-aged ex-alchie rocker be? Actually, on the first three listens, this album is fascinating, heartwarming, exciting...like reading the first draft of a major poet's work.

However, once familiarity sets in, it becomes painfully obvious why certain of these demos were never released, and why others were released in such an extremely different form. Demos are traditionally skeletal song ideas that need fleshing out. Indeed, Townshend's have always been compelling because he was one of the first to do EVERYTHING on a home studio — e.g., all parts, vocals, etc.

But, unless you're a Who-nut, the album becomes really tired really soon...and your \$10.00 could be better spent on an unscratched copy of *quadrophenia*.

K.G.

The Battlefield Band
There's A Buzz
Flying Fish

From the land of kilts and tartans, these stars of the international folk circuit have won a devoted following throughout western Europe and North America with their innovative approach to Celtic music. *There's A Buzz* is the group's first album proper in two years and was well worth the wait—all concerned are in top form, with the fiddle and bagpipes as hot as ever. Alan Reid continues to fill out the sound brilliantly with his battery of keyboards, and Ged Foley, the newest Battlefield, has become an integral part of the band. His Northumbrian pipes carry off melodies in fine style, and he's an ace rhythm guitarist.

OK...that's all well and good, another solid Battlefield album. But there are also a few surprises, namely Alan Reid's keyboards do much more than supply elegant background fills this time out, and on several tunes, the piano and synth contribute beautiful counterpoints to the main melodies generally played by fiddle or pipes. Reid's masterful tinkling of the electronic ivories adds a lot to Battlefield's sparkle.

In addition to the keyboards' greater prominence, several tracks here show a pronounced North American feel. Brian MacNeill's fiddle break on "Shining Clear" has a decidedly Cajun lilt, and Duncan MacGillivray adds some rather bluesy harmonica to that and several other tunes. The opening medley features sprightly ragtime piano from Reid that adds just a pinch of swing to that set of tunes.

While steeped in the Scottish tradition, Battlefield Band has developed a strong style all their own.

K.R.

The DiVinyls
Desperate
Chrysalis

It has been said that, for all their international charm, Men at Wrok might have a hard time selling out at home. You have to remember — and all my Australian friends are going to read this and either die laughing...or kill me — that Australia is a land where men are men, women are an afterthought, and beer is the accepted religion. After the thre "schooner" (large, indefinite volume) of Foster's, this mob (with their colorful criminal bloodline) don't want to hear some poney popster tinkling away on synthesizers.

Sadly, the rest of the world has generally been exposed to the worst products of this mentality: AC/DC, Rose Tattoo, et al ad nauseum. Indeed, Australian rock once suffered the same typecasting that now blights the Canadians, i.e. it is ALL screaming heavy metal torture.

Thank God for another Australian tradition: assimilation. Down Under's penchant for incorporating the best threads of many cultural trends with a decidedly Australian flavor not only brought us MegaMen at Work — but a surprisingly attractive blend of new wave and heavy metal, driving dance beat, and Chrissie Hynde's vocals. In other words, the DiVinyls.

K.G.

Berline
Pleasure Victim
Geffen

I don't remember the last time I heard a good, seedy album all about sex...unless you count Marc Almond's endearing crooning on *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret* (Soft Cell).

Indeed, new wave has done us an injustice. It has cast aside the "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy" mentality and given us endless reams on the

cont. on page 33

Contributing to On Record this month are: Eddie Bronx, Mark Ellis, David Elwell, Kharyn Goertzel, Reuben M. Jackson, John Lawson, Brian McGuire, Charles McCarell, Ken Roseman, Tom Terrell, and Howard Wuelfing.

TALKING FURNITURE

A Radio Fan's Notebook

by Eddie Bronx

WDCU

Deep inside the fortress-like, Van Ness Campus of the University of the District of Columbia is WDCU, the area's newest member of the FM band. The facilities, although still under construction, are state of the art, almost plush. On the air, discussing the Trinidad Carnival and Calypso contest, is station director Godwin Oyewole.

An open and frank Nigerian, Oyewole is dressed in African garb, and is eager to talk about his station. He has lived mostly in the U.S. and England since 1960. Once a volunteer DJ on WPFW, and with extensive prior radio experience, he has definite ideas about what WDCU should offer.

The station went on the air on May 8, 1982. He has been with it since March, 1981 and was instrumental in planning and designing the facility. As the new kid on the block, he feels the station is still creating itself. But, the initial impetus is clear.

"We started out as a jazz station, using various people. Some people's definition of what is jazz is different from other people's. Any changes will be changes in personnel, to comport more with the philosophy of the station."

This means mainstream jazz from New Orleans style through postbebop. Avant garde, progressive, and fusion, while not precluded, are to be played in tiny doses. He strives to offer what the other stations do not, and the response has been good. "We get mail, and it is favorable; we are enjoying what we hear... We try to give them what others are not giving them."

While "personality radio" is not encouraged, popular favorites emerge. One such is Faunee, a young woman who does the daily drive time morning show (6-12am). She has become, through style and musical taste, a favorite of mine, and her mail reinforces my judgment. I asked if she was the station star. "We don't really have 'stars' at this station, but she is definitely a valuable member of the staff. I don't think she sees herself as a star."

The station runs public-affairs type programs from the international services of BBC and Radio Canada, and from the Broadcasting Foundation of America. But, from midnight to noon, and intermittently otherwise, WDCU is a jazz station.

Before the station went on the air, Oyewole surveyed tastes to the extent possible, given no funds. Jazz and gospel won out. (Their Saturday morning gospel show, from 6-12am, is fabulous, and covers the range from sanctified to pop. Catch it.)

In addition, there is R&B, and on Saturday nights 10 to 12, Steve Hoffman's blues show. Hoffman is not only an esteemed colleague at the Unicorn, but a passionate and knowledgeable lover of blues. His show is one of the delights of the WDCU schedule, and should be heard. He has also demonstrated impressive versatility as a fill-in, often on no prior notice.

At 6800 watts, the station is no monster, but their enormous antenna, donated by the D.C. police, carries the signal clearly as far as Baltimore. Local spottiness of reception will be improved by an adjustment of the signal.

Right now, Oyewole is basking in the complete support of the university fathers and becomes animated when talking about the future. His eyes gleam as he hints of the technological wonders the station will bring bear. But, he is a man with personal plans. He is an attorney, and wants to practice. He also feels that a long tenure at WDCU would be creatively stultifying.

"The worst thing that can happen to this station is for me to be here 10 years. If, 3,4, or 5 years down the road we are still doing what we are doing today, it will be disastrous."

Oyewole's personal record collection runs to 4000 jazz albums and 2-3,000 African, West Indian, and Caribbean albums. He hosts a show featuring the latter musics from noon to 4pm on Saturday.

His praise for his staff is extravagant and unstinting. He regaled me with stories of personal sacrifice and dedication during the recent massive snowstorm. WDCU's success, Oyewole claims, is in large part due to them.

One more, rather shocking, topic arose. As my regular readers are aware, no one is more true to the memory of WGTB than I. It was one of the few things that was as good as its reputation. Some time after Georgetown strangled the station, the frequency went to UDC, and WDCU now broadcasts on the sacred 90.1 FM. Diehard GTB-heads still heap abuse on Oyewole and the station, and make empty threats. This is stupid and embarrassing. Why the sins of the Georgetown brass should be transferred to WDCU is a mystery. The station is an asset, and serves the city well. Energies would be better spent trying to convince rock station program directors that GTB's music has an audience. In the jazz community, WDCU is fighting the same good fight against pretense and schlock. It deserves our support.

NPR Cutbacks

The Feds have cut back the funds for National Public Radio. This is good news and bad news.

The bad news is that 20 or 30 employees must go, among them Fred Callan. Callan's friendly, relaxed style and informative ruminations on music were always interesting, and never academically dry. His musings could cover Fats Waller, Buxtehude, or the Celtic harp. I hope he may find a local niche.

The good news is that All Things Considered, and Morning Edition made the cut, and the Sunday show didn't. The five-hour Sunday "arts magazine" was usually a minimum of four hours of stultifying, self-conscious, highbrow *kultur* for middlebrows. It was relieved, all too rarely, by the likes of Callan, and by specials such as the four half-hour Bob and Ray shows.

The original host, to my horror, was David Ossman of the Firesign Theater. Each Sunday, he seemed to take his sense of humor off with his coat, and became an effete culture vulture. That, in fact, was the feeling of the whole show. Good riddance.

It is an ill wind that blows no good.

ARTHUR GODFREY

They are almost all gone now, the radio pioneers. Arthur Godfrey was a giant, and he got his start here in D.C. It is immaterial to me that his radio personality did not gibe with his "real" character. He projected warmth, easy humor, and involvement with his audience. Not real? He fired people on the air. Can you imagine Merv doing it, or Carson?

All the new breed of relaxed, folksy talk show hosts are androids of Godfrey. He was more "real" on his worst day than Phil Donahue will ever be. Does anyone remember that Lenny Bruce was a *Talent Scouts* winner? Or, Mama Cass? Does anyone remember Godfrey's triumph at finding a piece of desiccated chicken in Lipton's Soup?

When it comes to what's happening now, "I'd give a million tomorrows/For just one yesterday."

RADIO ACTIVITY

The Sage of Charlottesville, Unicorn columnist Robert Hull, one of the few original thinkers in pop culture (when he can escape the pernicious influence of Steve Lorber) has a radio show on WTJU, campus FM outlet of U. Va. He plays the stuff he writes about in *Red Hot*, and indulges his need to spout crit-babble. Robert, wish you were here... For the fourth year, Q107 will broadcast from the Merriweather Post Pavilion. There will be ticket give-aways, backstage listener parties, and live remotes. The schedule of concerts will be announced in April. Good work, keep it up. Now, how about some of our local talent, the rest of the year, hmmmm?... The Children's Radio Theater (CRT), broadcast locally on WPFW, 89.3, Saturdays at 8am, has chosen four winners in their fifth annual Henny Penny Playwrighting contest. The contest is for budding Shakespeares ranging in age from 5 to 17. The half-hour winners will be aired as a two-hour special on May 7, beginning at 8am. One script, by a 10-year-old, is about a chemist who develops a pill that turns water into gasoline, but "becomes disillusioned when he runs into the cold economic realities of the marketplace." Phew. When I was ten, the only cold reality was how badly the Dodgers fared against Sal Maglie... That's all, folks.

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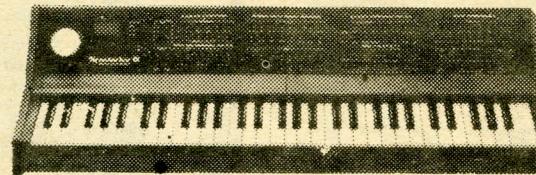
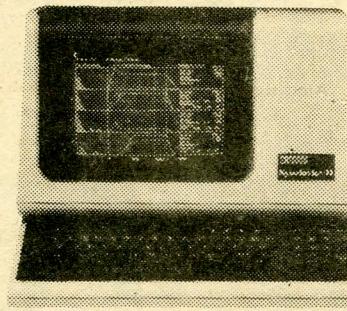
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by William Triplett

No acting please.

Eric Morris, the barely tanned acting teacher from Los Angeles, so instructs his students who've paid lots of money for his weekend workshop. Fifteen have come here to learn that the key to acting lies not in acting.

Some are actors with years of experience, others have seriously begun to pursue acting, and one is a budget analyst. In the next 16 hours Morris will reduce them all to trembling helplessness, each time with enough torque and drive to bash any wall the soul can erect. They will learn what all the great actors have learned, he says. Brando, Hoffman, Clift, Bancroft and their ilk — they know in one sense or another exactly what Morris is doing.

Around the students and their circle of swivel chairs, the pallor of walls and curtains collects and fades. Morris cuts a curious figure as he swoops across the floor with his cold, patchy blond hair and beard. In his blue warmup suit with the pocket creeping inside-out and his blue Nikes, he looks, at 51, a little like Old Man Winter in from a jog.

Pointing, he says, "You go." She is tall, 23, and nervous. She says so.

"Good. That's okay." He suggests "non-self-involvement." Talk to anyone about anything. She does, and shortly he interrupts to ask how she feels.

"Nervous." Less than before, but still nervous. He reassures her and suggests exorcism. She looks at him.

"Get the demons out! Tell them to leave you alone!"

Her soft face flushes from confusion to embarrassment. She must raise her voice, he says, and her anxiety is painfully exposed to fifteen faces, thirty touchy-feely eyes she doesn't know. Her hands begin to knead each other.

When her fragile voice tries to shoo away imaginary hates, Morris springs up and shouts at her to specify everything she hates and tell them to get the hell away!, and she whirls on him!

"I HATE STANDING UP HERE! I FEEL INCREDIBLY DUMB SAYING 'SHOO' THAT! I FEEL IDIOTIC BECAUSE I'VE PAID YOU \$125 TO MAKE ME STAND UP HERE IN FRONT OF ALL THESE PEOPLE AND FEEL STUPID! I WANNA GO HOME, DAMMIT!"

"Good. How do you feel now?"

She doesn't answer, but she doesn't go home, not until the end of day one.

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That's the easy one. To get to the state of "being" that Morris exalts as the sole injunction for any actor, a lot of psychic blood must be spilt. Until an actor understands his problems and embraces them, he'll never be able to use them to his advantage. "My system organically develops a feeling that doesn't go by 'past' and 'present.' It's all 'now,' from the inside out. The best acting is all organic. Actors in touch with their own reality."

He wields some mighty abstractions.

"I know, but they're necessary. Reality is everything they are as a person. Great acting comes from people who know all their sub-personalities. The truth of their own being, and it's coming from there that they're the most honest and unpredictable and fascinating! I saw Geraldine Page in 'Agnes of God' and she was so organic! She was so unpredictable and daring and good because she was trusting herself to express deep emotions, that are true in her own life, but that most of us are too afraid to deal with."

True in her own life?

"Yes," he insists. The "essence" of any emotion comes from an experience the actor has had. He chooses it as a basis for expressing a similar moment in a play. Circumstances may differ, but essence doesn't. He looks at you, minutes before day two resumes, waiting for a response.

Someone else had the same idea.

"Oh, yea, Strasberg. And Stanislavsky before him. Lee was a genius. We wanted the same things. I wish we could've talked things over. See, I've always felt that there was a missing

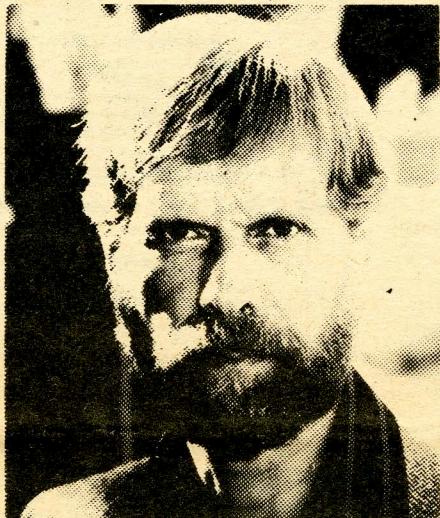
link in the Method. Lee knew something was wrong but not what. He even said that it worked for maybe 3 percent of those who tried it. They were the ones already in touch with themselves and could express their reality, but no one else could."

Why not?

"It was too personal, and with no training, who could? Lee hated anything personal. In scenes he liked he'd ask 'What were you feeling?' and the actor would say, 'Well, I remembered how my mother used —' and Lee would shout 'No! Don't tell me! That's for your therapist! Don't wanna hear it!'"

So the Morris system mines the personal with psychology?

Tucking his pocket back inside, he says, "I've been in and out of therapy for 20 years. Every kind. Jungian, Freudian, Adlerian, and...what's that weird one? Whatever — I've been in it. 20 years. And I tell you that this (his system) is the only short-term therapy that's any good." He's detailed it in his book, *No Acting Please*.



Through half-moon glasses he peers at his list and selects a name.

"Let's go."

A young man with a southern accent and a tender face steps up. His voice quivers for 20 minutes as he talks. Presently, after Morris's delicately firm prodding, he is curled up in a chair trying to hide from the memory. He focuses on an invisible point in the air as the silence coils at every pause. Once again, he sees his wife dying.

He can see the cancer in her, and she pretends that nothing is wrong. He stops telling her that he loves her because the more he does, the more she continues to die. She utters no complaint. He wants to share her pain and deliver her from suffering, but he can't do anything because in her concern for him she won't even talk about it. Since her death years ago he has hated love.

His grief erupts, and Morris, his voice on its tiptoe, instructs him to recite ten lines from any monologue.

After an unfamous soliloquy, three students are bent double with tears. More will cry, yell and writhe with pain as Morris strips them of defenses. Severe tactics, to be sure, on anyone, but remember: not only is this day two of short-term, but also the last of 16 hours he will spend with them. No one, not even the budget analyst who tried to slip out to watch a ball game on TV, leaves with any secrets.

He suggests dinner.

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His two older brothers had been in theater long before he knew what it was. At three he was pulling dimmer switches for their performances, but his mind was on other things. Not until he was 17 did he seriously work on stage. He was a high school senior planning to be a photographer when his brothers came to town with "Finnian's Rainbow." They took him backstage and someone said to him, "Don't come back here. You'll get bit."

"By what?"

"By the bug."

"What bug? What bite?"

As he found out, the Theater Bug.

"Well, the curtain went up, and he was right. I've never done anything else since." He went to Northwestern University to study theater. Graduated, he went looking for work, and thought of the "only two possible places — L.A. and New York. Well, I'd always been enamored of film — loved, loved, loved the movies. So I went to Hollywood."

He reached it by way of Fort Ord, California, where the Army sent him after they drafted him. Five years later he was studying acting under Martin Landau. In class he met a guy named Jack Nicholson, who later became his student. The two began a long, dear and manic friendship that continues today. Landau landed a part in "Cleopatra" and took off to Egypt. Morris was depressed. No teacher, no work, but he knew he'd done well and learned.

So he started teaching. He visited the Strasberg studio in L.A. repeatedly and knew that this was his style, but sensed its limitations. He dedicated his work to perfecting it. The journey has been fraught with more storms of criticism and ridicule than he can recall even in the quiet restaurant where he sits now in Northwest Washington. Three men in intimidatingly elegant suits at a nearby table lost their conversation when Morris in his warmup suit and trench coat strutted by inspecting empty tables. He chose one near the bar.

Despite roles in more than 20 movies, 80 TV shows and 100 Equity plays, no one recognizes him, which makes him feel comfortable. He pores over the menu until the waitress approaches.

"What would you like?"

"That looks interesting," he says, pointing to an unpronounceable dish. "What is it?"

"That's the catch of the day. Scallops with a cream —"

"Oh, dear. Don't like them at all. I guess I'll have the 'Chicken Francais.'"

No scallops, please.

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He broods loudly over the reputation of the Method.

"A person cannot act from anywhere except his own personal reality. Both Lee and I knew that always. But the Method is regarded as some sort of crotch-scratching, armpit-smelling system for guys hanging around outside the Russian Tea Room," he says, paraphrasing Peter Ustinov's description of the Strasberg school. The well-dressed men glance at Morris.

"Acting is the most personal art of all. They're right up there where you can throw tomatoes at them! An actor must therefore be as personal as possible. I do that with my 'Instrumental' work." A cry goes up round the bar where dozens of people cheer a ball game on TV. Morris, indignant, inspects.

If Strasberg never liked the personal, then how did Brando, Dean and others who studied with him turn out so successfully?

"They already knew their reality. They could develop on their own. Most of us can't." the poulet arrives.

So what's the equation?

"That sort of emotional truth is peculiar to reality, and reality is peculiar to the Method." He pauses, pushing the plate away distracted. "I loved that man. I never studied with him. I never worked with him. I never knew him personally. But he knew my and my work. The irony is we wanted the same things, and you know what he said about me once? One of my former students was in his class doing a scene and afterward Lee said, very impressed, 'Where did you train?' and he said 'Eric Morris,' and Lee said, 'Eric Morris...isn't he the one that wrote No Acting something-or-other?' And the kid said 'yes,' and Lee cracked, 'Well, if there's no acting, there's no acting! Ha ha!'

He eases the plate back toward himself.

How could he tell that the personal element was the key?

"From my own psychoanalysis. I was once in a session for therapists. I told you I've been to them all. Shrinks all around me in group therapy. And Hal Stone, the guy leading it, was astounding. I saw in what he was doing a great tool for breaking down the elements and problems of an actor."

So you're a therapist?

"NO!" The men stare. "I don't live in the head. My work is for expression and emotions,

not for analysis."

He pulls at his beard and asserts that great actors who never studied Strasberg or Stanislavsky were great because of intuition. "Some actors don't or didn't even know how they did it. It just happened, and inside they knew how to follow the right feeling."

How about some current greats?

"Dustin Hoffman. I've never been a fan of his until recently. He used to be so dependent on shticks. But in *Kramer vs. Kramer* I was blown away by his growth! And in *Tootsie*, I realized what a true artist he was. You could tell he had created the role from a viscerally inside to outside perspective. He even said he'd gotten in touch with the female part of his personality. So organic."

Others?

"I'd like to say a few words about Jack. He's a personal friend of mine and I love him dearly. Now I cannot and will not and can never claim that I am responsible for Jack Nicholson, but I will say this — I think I did have some influence on Jack's work."

Really?

"Some. The epitome of connection (between an actor and personal reality) was in *Cuckoo's Nest*. That scene where he wanted to watch the baseball game and couldn't and went wild and ran around? I've seen him do it! I've seen him run around his house like that! Now Jack isn't McMurphy. Just in unpredictability."

As opposed to predictability?

A burst of shouts from the bar as the game ends. Morris scowls and meanly stirs his coffee.

"I hate to badmouth anybody, but my idea of a bad actor is Hugh O'Brien. Anti-creative. Unreal. Obvious. Unorganic. So mannered. Can he sue me for that?" The men call for their check and throw one final dismissive look at Morris. One faintly resembles O'Brien.

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Of his next book, *Irreverent Acting*, Morris says, "You think I'm controversial now, you wait 'til this one comes out. They're gonna be throwing rocks at my house."

Controversy may not be the word. John Neville-Andrews, Artistic Producer at the Folger, said he was "simply somewhat dismayed by Morris's book. All he's done is combined ordinary acting training with psychotherapy. Very much the California scene of TV and movies."

Personal truth and reality don't shake him.

"Acting is not real life. You put that on a stage, and it's boring. You have to have control of your emotions. You need big emotional changes, mental ones, too, and you may experience them yourself, but the audience never will."

But he's quick to counter: "I don't want to be totally negative. My philosophy is if you find it and it works, do it. There are so many schools out there. I wouldn't discourage anyone from going anywhere, but I would try to let them know as much as possible about any one system, like the Method. There's a lot of touch-feely stuff you know." For everyone, it doesn't work.

But somebody out there likes it. Several of the weekend's students are going, nervous woman included, to New York next weekend for Morris's next workshop. Enrollment in L.A. and around the country is constantly rising. He says he can't understand the objections.

"First, what is 'ordinary acting training?' And second, if you're not gonna give me real life, I don't wanna see it."

The waitress returns to fill his coffee, but he waives her off without looking at her, as if checking every critic who's attacked him the past 20 years.

"Artistry comes out of stimulating the reality and imaginatively expressing the life. The kind of acting I want has been around a long time, and still is, but it's never been there consistently. In order to control emotions, you have to have emotions to control. When my techniques are learned and mastered, the actor is in full control. I may be avant-garde now, but in 20 years my system will be commonplace."

For a man maligned, as he thinks of himself, Morris bears few visible scars. He says he's always up for serious challenge and criticism but wants no more of the "baseless, naive misconceptions, misrepresentations and misinterpretations. No more." He looks round for the waitress.

More coffee, please.



photo by Sandra Adamson

Theatre du Jour are "Bigger Than Life"

THEATRE NOTES

by Emily Kane

■ The highly acclaimed local director of "Bent" (at the Source last year) and "Was He Anyone" (produced by Wooly Mammoth last season), John Jacobsen, tackles the monumental "Elephant Man" at the Market Five Theatre in the Eastern Market Building, S.E. Washington. The original Broadway production starred David Bowie, playing a sensitive, intelligent 'freak' who is incarcerated because of grotesque physical deformities. A new energetic theatre sponsor on the scene will produce this show, scheduled to open April 4 — May 8.

■ Not to be missed this month is the Folger Theatre production of John Dryden's "Marriage a la Mode", through April 24. Director Giles Havergal has ingeniously replaced the 'play within the play' with Dryden's own version of "Anthony and Cleopatra", which is dramatically rendered with Martha Graham-style gestures and exaggerated formality. It is the body of the play, however, which makes the production such a success. Set in a delightfully cluttered back-stage set, the prose plot revolves around a coquettish foursome who dally with the desire to mix and match partners. The intrigue is further abounded by a third level of acting in which the Folger company seems to engage in real life asides to one another when out of the Dryden limelight. Mikel Lambert is glorious both as the frolicking veteran actress Doralice, and in her portrayal of the aging lover Cleopatra. Her counterpart, Melantha is hysterically engrossed with all things French, yet plays the sombre Octaviaw with utter conviction. (Guest artist Sherry Skinker). Meanwhile, I could swear that Kerry Waters and Mario Arrambide were discussing where to have dinner after the show at one point. Reservations at 546-4000.

■ Most exciting of all, Athol Fugard has directed his latest masterpiece, and most poignantly autobiographical work, "Master Harold", at the Warner Theatre April 5-17 only. Fugard, a white South African known for "Boesman and Lena", "Sizwe Banzi is Dead", "A Lesson from Aloes" and other works, uses as his inspirational source the distress and struggle of apartheid in his native country. The show, starring James Earl Jones, is on a 9 month tour of the country which will also go to Toronto and Israel. 27-year old Charles Michael Wright portrays "Hally"; more or less Fugard as a young man. However, says Wright, Fugard has encouraged him to find his own uniqueness for the role. The drama is full of ambiguities: Hally as half man, half boy; half black, half white; the humor and light touch of the script versus the social potential of its message to render one a

nasty, prejudiced human being. Says Wright, "It's true that the play is a wonderful artistic piece as well as having something to say...Once you accept the potential ugliness in yourself, you release the hostility on stage, rather than in real life. I play Hally as a very full human; exploring the heights of his ugliness and also his need to discover artistic and social responsibility (i.e. by writing a play). "Playing this role is a cathartic experience by which I can release negative energy, and not carry it around with me." The much-talked-of "spitting scene" in which young Hally, who has grown up in an affluent home and chosen his servant Sam (Jones) as his best friend, turns against his beloved companion in a moment of blind rage and frustration, is a true incident. Fugard remembers it as one of the most shameful and confusing episodes of his adolescence. Wright said that the episode was "glossed over" during rehearsals until he knew James Earl Jones well enough, as actor to actor, to be able to spit at him with compunction. James Earl Jones, of course, is well known for his role as Othello, and as Jack Jefferson in "The Great White Hope." Reservations for "Master Harold" at 626-1066.

CURTAINS

CLOSING SOON

"Mass Appeal" at Ford's Theatre, 511 10th St., N.W. through April 3; 7:30 p.m. Fri & Sat, a 2 p.m. matinee Sat, April 2 and at 3 p.m. Sun, April 3. 347-4833. Milt O'Shea portrays a comfortable, middle-aged priest who, despite his vows, heartily enjoys the temporal pleasures of sparkling burgundy and a shiny Mercedes. Throughout the touching and irreverently funny play, he is confronted with a rebellious seminary student, Mark Dolson, whose ideas don't jibe with those of Father Farley. One of Ford Theatre's best productions yet.

"An Evening with Queen Victoria" at the Library of Congress, Coolidge Auditorium, April 5 only at 8 p.m. FREE. Tickets at 287-5394. A combined dramatic and musical event written for Prunella Scales, who plays the Queen, based on authentic diaries, letters, journals, and musical selections that the Queen enjoyed (including works by Rossini, Beethoven, (zany, J.S. Bach), with Ian Partridge (tenor) and Richard Burnett (piano).

Theatre du Jour presents "Bigger Than Life" at the 7th St. Space, 404 7th St., N.W., sixth floor, April 1 & 2 at 10 p.m. \$3-\$5. The company of two, formerly members of Hungry Fetus experimental theatre, present three short original dramas interwoven with song and thought, rhythms, textures and images. The emphasis of the production is to engage the viewer with rhythmic gesture and dream imagery to perceive the ambiguity of comedy and agony.

Independent Theatre Project, at WPA, 400 7th St., N.W. 347-8304. A fascinating, music-filled version of Shakespeare's The Tempest, interspersed with a cycle of poems by W.H. Auden. Through April 2 only. 8 p.m.

RESIDENT/REPCOMPANIES

Arena Stage, 6th & Maine, S.W. 488-3300. Mainstage: "Geniuses" by Jonathan Reynolds. Set in the Philippine jungle during the filming of a multi-million dollar war epic, Geniuses is a classic battle of the sexes and a blisteringly funny spoof of Hollywood's mega-movies and their makers. Through May 1, Tues — Sun at 8 p.m. In the Kreeger, "Buried Child." Sam Shepard is having a heyday in D.C. this season! One of Shepard's first plays, Buried Child tells of a young man who returns to his roots only to find that no-one in his family remembers him. A startling, humorous, 'haunted house' play. Tues. — Sun. at 8 p.m. In the Old Vat Room, would you believe, Steven Wade's "Banjo Dancing", Tues — Thurs & Sun at 7:30 p.m., Fri and Sat at 7 and 10 p.m.

Folger Theatre, 201 East Capitol St., S.E. 546-4000. "Marriage a la Mode", John Dryden's play within a play within a satirical look at back-stage love life. See theatre notes. Tues — SLun at 8 p.m. through April 17. Opening April 26, Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well", a dark comedy featuring a miraculous recovery, a braggart soldier, and a stand-in lover.

New Playwrights Theatre, 1742 Church St., N.W. 232-4527. A world premiere, "And They Dance Real Slow in Jackson" by Jim Leonard, Jr., about a teenage girl confined to a wheelchair living in the dream sanctuary of her own room. Through April 10, Tues — SLun at 8 p.m., with a 2 p.m. matinee Sat, April 9.

Round House Theatre, 12210 Blushay Drive, Silver Spring, 468-4234. "Tristan and Isolt", one of the world's greatest love stories will be presented in mime, created by Mark Jaster April 6-9 at 8 p.m. and April 10 at 2:30 p.m. Also at The Barns, April 24 at 2:30 p.m.

Source Theatre Co., 1809 14th St., N.W. 462-1073. Opening April 1 on the mainstage, Knuckle by David Hare, the author of Plenty, now running in New York and being enthusiastically hailed by critics and public. Knuckle is an American 'film noir' detective story in a British locale with a generous dash of social commentary. Curly Delafield, a tough globe-trotting salesman who returns home to investigate his sister's disappearance only to embroil himself in intrigues. At the Warehouse Rep, 1835 14th St., N.W., Peter Shaffer's Equus is being extended again (!) 'til April 30. One of Source's most powerful productions to date, with artistic director Bart Whiteman in the role of Dr. Dysart, and a wild-eyed, ultra-sensitive youth, Alan Strang, played by Roman Fringe with an ethereal and piercing power.



Wright and Jones in "Master Harold".

photo by Martha Swope

Studio Theatre, 1401 Church St., N.W. 265-7412. Russian playwright Leonid Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" through April 10; Weds — Sun at 8 p.m. with 2 p.m. matines on Sundays. A colorful circus play with clowns, a tango queen (Gail Sawyer) and a passionate lion tamer.

COMMUNITY THEATRE

Adventure Theatre, Glen Echo Park. 320-5331. Opening April 9 "Story Theatre" with Paul Sills & Company presenting a wealth of folk tales for children. Saturdays & Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.

Columbia Station, 1836 Columbia Road, N.W. 524-3397. Opening April 5, Tues — Sun at 8 p.m. Off-The-Circle presents Harold Arlin's "Blues in the Night". (Arlin also masterminded "Somewhere over the Rainbow", "That Old Blue Magic" and many other musicals.) Call for late night programming on weekends.

Congregational Church, 4704 13th St., N.W. 726-6833. The Color Me Human Players present their award-winning, heart-warming show "A Mother Is..." on April 15, 16, 22 and 23 at 7 p.m. The gripping portrayal of three generations of women stresses the inevitability of poor communication that exists between the young and old in their quest for independence and security.

The Green Room Players, American University. 338-2589. March 30 — April 2 and April 7 — 9 a musical rendition of Studs Terkel's controversial and brightly acclaimed novel, "Working", about unemployment and the psychosis of spending. Libretto by Stephen Schwartz (Godspell, Pippin).

George Washington University Theatre, 800 21st St., N.W. 676-6178. April 5 — 9 at 8 p.m. and April 10 at 2 p.m., Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker", a play about the aspirations of the young, and not so young, for a fuller participation of life. Same story as the movie "Hello, Dolly!"

Hartke Theatre, Catholic University. 635-5367. April 26 through May 8, the annual campus musical.

Morgan State University, Baltimore, MD. (301)444-3330. April 20 — 24 and 28 — May 1 in the Little Theatre, Amiri Baraka's "Slave Ship". A moving drama about the history of Blacks in America using music, song, dance and extraordinary lighting.

Rockville High School Theatre, Rockville, MD. 460-5760. April 14, 15 & 16 at 8 p.m. the popular rock musical "Godspell".

Washington Project for the Arts, 400 7th St., N.W. 347-8304. The Open Studio with Wendy Woodson present a movement/drama "Five Lives/A Collaboration" with Chris DuPre, Bill Baker, Shira Malkin, Isabel-Lee Maloné, Sarah Walton, directed by Woodson and Akim Nowak. April 21 — 24 and 27 — 30 at 8 p.m.

YWCA Arts, 624 9th St., N.W. 638-2100. Source Theatre produce Dorothy Neumann's interpretation of "The Betrayal" by Harold Pinter Tues — Sun at 8 p.m. April 7 — 24. The plot unfolds in reverse chronological order to expose a tense love triangle. With Carole Myers, Brian Hemmingsen and Christopher Wilson.

KENNEDY CENTER

Eisenhower Theatre, Opening April 4. Michael Frayn's "Make and Break" directed by Michael Blakemore, starring Peter Falk, who plays a hyperactive, unstoppable sales executive of a firm specializing in wall units. Yuk, yuk. This is a comedy.

Opera House, through April 16, the classic Oscar Hammerstein/Jerome Kern musical "Showboat" starring Donald O'Connor, about a divinely decadent cruise down a magic river.

Terrace Theatre, The Imagination Celebration returns with a wonderful compilation of short dramas based on children's stories; "The Tale of Peter Rabbit", "Dandelion", "A Bride from Pluto" and music more, through Sunday, April 10. Call 254-7190 for shows and times.

WARNER THEATRE

Warner Theatre, 513 13th St., N.W. 626-1050. Athol Fugard's new play, 12 years in the making, "Master Harold" starring James Earl Jones April 5 — 17 at 8 p.m. See theatre notes.

DINNER THEATRE

King's Jester, 8049 13th St., Silver Spring, MD. 946-2077. The Comedy "Luv" through May 14, by Murray Schisgal, co-author of "Tootsie", a wildly funny spoof on the lurid course of modern sexual, social, and personality crises.

Colony 7, at the Colony 7 Motor Inn, MD Route 32. Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Carousel" through June 26. A sentimental melodiously literate musical.

Hayloft, Manassas, VA. 631-0230 or 368-3666. Through April 24 Agatha Christie's "Murder at the Vicarage" featuring Betty Endrezi as Miss Marple.

Petrucci's, 312 Main Street, Laurel, MD. 725-5226. Fay Jacobs directs the hit comedy "Same Time Next Year" starring Gil Stotler. An uproarious social, romantic history of the United States.



Folger Theatre Group "Marriage a la Mode" thru April 17

photo by Valerie Hanlon

THE FUGS

Ways to Live Without Working (sample: Eat shit.).

The first person they recruited was Steve Weber. He was half of the Holy Modal Rounders, with Peter Stampfel. You wouldn't find these guys on an American Bowling Legion bowling team, either. I had the extreme pleasure of speaking with them in December, 1981 at the old Cellar Door. I asked Weber how he was sucked in.

"Ed Sanders ran the Fuck You Press, and he had this little bookstore on East 10th Street. I used to hang out there day and night, 24 hours a day. I used to sit there and play guitar all the time. Ed said, 'Well, gee, I know this guy named Ken Weaver who plays conga drums, and all that. He can be our drummer. I know this guy named Tuli, he can be whatever. You can be the guitarist.' One thing led to another... and I was with them for a year and half. I'm on their first three albums."

Stampfel was with the group for six months, then left in the middle of '65. "I didn't want to be in the Fugs anymore. In retrospect now, I wish I hadn't (left). There would have been some fun times." Stampfel, whose voice can sound like gravel shaken in a can, contributed a classic Fugs' song, and one dear to my heart, "New Amphetamine Shriek."

I don't have a bedtime,

I don't need to come,

Since I have become an amphetamine bum.

So, if you don't like sleeping, and don't want to screw,

Then you should take lots of amphetamine, too.

Weber gave the world "Boobs A Lot," a ditty about cretinous lockerroom chauvinism, how the guys dig boobs, and why they like wearing their jocks. A gem, and later a hit for the Rounders, which Stampfel and Weber reformed after both had left the Fugs, and

which evolved into the Moray Eels. (Trivia question: Name the first drummer for the Moray Eels? Trivial answer: Playwright Sam Shepard.)

The Fugs, meanwhile, rolled along. Their first album, *The Village Fugs*, was a minor sensation, very minor but very sensational. Sounding like it was recorded in a garbage can, sounding more like a drunken first run-through than a finished product, raw and vulgar and prurient, it remains the definitive New York bohemian rock and roll statement. An album of outtakes, later released as *Virgin Fugs*, is even more salacious and disgusting, and must be heard to complete the picture.

Their second album, *The Fugs*, is their most satisfying in terms of musicianship and accessibility. People who ran screaming from their first record were able to like this—excellent garage band folk rock. Allen Ginsberg's liner notes are an ecstasy poem.

After that, well, the story is not so good. They signed with a major label and their work became overproduced and self-consciously outrageous. Two LP's, *Tenderness Junction* and *I Crawled Into My Hand, Honest*, are only fitfully interesting. *Tenderness Junction* includes material recorded during the Fugs' attempted exorcism of the Pentagon (out demons, out), in October, 1967. (This was my first trip down to D.C., and my participation in this rite contributed to my being fired from a job. Best thing that ever happened to me.)

Their artistic decay climaxed at a two day debacle/concert at the Fillmore East, for a live album. Loaded down with studio musicians in business suits, the Fugs failed to fly. This disgrace is documented on *Golden Filth*, ample evidence that they had shot their wad, so to speak.

But what memories: their gross behavior in their early performances at the Gate Theater; their appearance on the David Susskind show, Weaver so stoned on hallucinogens that he glowed, Sanders amphetamine-rapping, Tuli

making a case for group sex; their free concerts in Tompkins Square Park, fans howling at Sanders' obscene monologs while cockroaches and winos molested them.

Where are they now? Weaver has found Jesus, and is back in Texas living down his past. Tuli still stalks the bohemian underground and works with the Ridiculous Theater Company. Sanders lives in Woodstock, has written the best book on the Manson thing (*The Family*), a lovely novel/memoir (*Tales of Beatnik Glory*), and has turned out several deranged country albums. Rumor has it that he is working on an opera (!) based on the life of Karen Silkwood (!!), and is writing a book on the west coast rock scene. Weber and Stampfel still do the occasional Holy Modal Rounders tour, and Weber is trying to instigate a Fugs reunion (yay!).

But, if this reunion does not occur, you can solace yourself with the reissue just out on PVC, entitled *Proto Punk - The Fugs Greatest Hits, Vol. 1*. It contains material from the first and second recording sessions, and is a great introduction to the group. Included are those hymns to the gentle sex, "Slum Goddess" and "Supergirl," and a love song of a different kind, "I Feel Like Homemade Shit." For all you cokies out there, try the stunning imagery of "Coming Down;" for the speed freaks, "New Amphetamine Shriek;" for the sex freaks, "Skin Flowers" and "Frenzy." And of course, the coarse "Boobs A Lot," and what may be the best song on the LP, "Dirty Old Man."

The remastering on the record is superb. The original stuff sounded awful, and everything here sounds much superior. I can't wait for some of the other stuff to be cleaned up and boosted like this.

About the title. I think it is unfortunate and misleading. This bears scant resemblance to either the 60s or 70s versions of punk, and was created to inflict damage on hip and square equally. But, the attitude was there.

Back in 1978, I made a punk tape for a friend, and, to put it in historical perspective, included a song found on this LP, "Doin' Allright."

I got hair growin' round my nose and throat.

I don't ever exercise the right to vote...

I ain't ever gonna go to Viet Nam, I'd rather stay right here and screw your mom.

When you see me on the street, you yell 'Jesus Christ!'

But, I'm gettin' mine, I'm doin' all right

Obviously, no home is complete without this record.

cont. from pg. 29

everyone at the UT would like to wish her luck, but she's in and out of here so quickly every month that nobody ever gets the chance to say much. **Stella and Mr. Bill** are getting married on the 24th of April; **The Word** was paid a modest sum in return for not disclosing the location of the long awaited nuptials, and **The Word** never betrays a bribe. **Emily Kane** has been welcomed back to the **Unicorn** as theatre editor; two days after she agreed to do it, the mail was packed with things bearing her name. **Word** travels fast. **F. Colburn and Other World**, an outgrowth of **Nightman**, has recently added a piano. They're working all original material into their sets.

LIKE, FAR OUT... The opening of the outrageous art show at **The Ritz** drew an astounding 2000 people, causing one onlooker to remark, "Jesus Christ! Where the fuck did all these people come from?" Wine and beer went for a dollar, and it might be telling to note that the New York artists were the biggest drinkers, though a few D.C. art-fries seemed to be doing their best to keep up. On April 12th **The Ritz** will hold a masquerade ball, giving folks another chance to mingle en masse with the installations, and giving **The Washington Post** another chance to cover the most creative

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FRIENDSHIP STATION

April
1983

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966-5682

Johnny Seaton Band & The Jump
The Un-Conquered People

3 The Name	4 Twister & Radio Silence	5 Honey Drippers & Smokin' Presstones	6 Bill Blue Band	7 The Havoc	8 Tommy Keene Band	9 MWW & The Acrylix
10 Yamma Zamma & The Parrots	11 The Spydels	12 Debris	13 Bazz Atlas Working Class	14 No Excuses & Perfect Circle	15 Amsterdam & The Young Caucasians	16 Diversions & Larry Joe Miller Band from Florida
17 The Incredible Snakes	18 9353 & Specimen Fred	19 The Roadhouse Riders	20 Tom Principato & Friends	21 Here Today & Special Guests	22 Evan Johns & The H-Bombs	23
24 Buzzy Linhart	25 Sport Turned Spectacle	26 The Essentials	27 The Reactions & The Sleepers	28 Ned Sephman Orchestra & Blue LUNCH	29 The Dynettes	30 Trufax & The Insanatics

cont. from pg. 27

romance of alienation.

Berlin wants to put an end to all this unhealthy preoccupation with psyche. This is not synth pop for self-isolating narcissism on the dance floor. This is synth-pop for gyrating to the closest hunk (or hunkette) and manoeuvring to a secluded corner.

Not only that — this new philosophy isn't only reflected in the lyrics, but there's a musical sensuality here that is a welcome relief from the antiseptic bleeps and drones of Human League, Dolby, et al.

Yes, it's all very, very blatant and obvious. It's vaudeville — or perhaps Las Vegas. But it's fun nonetheless. Berlin may not get the award for musical innovation, melodic originality, or any other particular musical form of accomplishment. But they should be lauded for putting (at least a little bit of) the balls back into dancepop.

K.G.

Earth, Wind and Fire
Powerlight
Columbia Records

At their best, Earth, Wind and Fire touch base with numerous elements of the Black musical spectrum. Roof raising big band horn riffs, unabashedly romantic ballads, jazz based instrumentals, rock and roll, and the funk have all managed to find their way into the band's uplifting musical message. At their worst, they are self mocking and disgustingly mawkish. There is also a tendency to water down their marvelous talents in order to secure airplay on racist, demographic conscious radio stations.

But fortunately, the genius and indefatigable spirit dominates "Powerlight", the band's most recent outing. It probably won't convert any of the groups now disgruntled early followers, the chronically cynical, or those who prefer their funk done Experience Unlimited style. It WILL sit well with those who are fond of more traditional, less raffish love songs, and songs positive enough to win Norman Vincent Peale's smile of approval. There are a couple of tunes that don't quite make off the proverbial runway, but their failure is overshadowed by the likes of tunes such as the sensual "Side By Side", "Spread Your Love", a funk n' message number, and "Miracles", a tender ballad about the happiness and light children bring into this jaded old world. Individual musical kudos go to bassist Verdine White, guitarist Roland Bautista (if only we could have he and the now departed guitarist Al McKay playing together!), and the crisp keyboard playing of Larry Dunn.

The entire band deserves credit for just staying together in spite of odds they've faced. If you feel it's time for some positive stuff in your life, begin here. It's not so bad dancing when you smile.

R.M.J.

Eric Clapton
Money and Cigarettes
Warner Brothers

For a guitarist once proclaimed "God" by his legions of idolatrous fans, Eric Clapton's self-engineered plummet from the summit remains one of rock's great riddles. Once the purveyor of the sweetest blues around, Clapton's retreat into the shadows has been unnerving to the still faithful who pray that he'll one day step forward and blow them away with an updated "Double Crossing Time" or "Crossroads." *Money and Cigarettes* prolongs the agony. It's pleasantly laid back, in spite of the hot rhythm section of "Duck" Dunn and Muscle Shoalsman Roger Hawkins, and the twin axe attack of Ry Cooder and Albert Lee. Originals "The Shape You're In," destined for FM airplay, and "Ain't Going Down," a lift from Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower," sizzle, but don't ignite. Even Clapton's blues borrowings — usually a reliable source for recharging his battery — don't make it. "Crosscut Saw" lacks teeth; rather than make a deep cut, this one saws Z's. E.C. phone home...there's hope for you yet.

C.M.C.

The Bruce Van Dyke Band Self Portrait

This is competent country rock but little more. Still, hidden within these tracks are strong seeds for the future. After all, the group displays a good feel for country styled material and their version of "Rocky Top" transforms that bluegrass chestnut into a dynamic swing number.

But the vocals lack spirit and most of the selections are pretty pedestrian. The Van Dyke Band has a reputation for putting on exciting live shows with more originals than are found here. Their disappointed fans must wait for another, and hopefully more successful, attempt at translating that excitement onto vinyl.

K.R.

Weather Report Procession Columbia Records

Ah, Weather Report. A name which once conjured images of musical elegance, poignance, humor, funk, and all those good things. Who would have thought we'd grow nostalgic about a band with such vision and creative potential? Who would have even imagined this recent onslaught of musical mediocrity from the band that brought you such magical packages as "Mysterious Traveller", "Heavy Weather", and "I Sing The Body Electric"? I've heard good things about their concerts, but when one's appetite is not whetted by the studio efforts, why pay more? What has happened here?

Of course there are probably more explanations for this occurrence than there are Kennedy assassination theories, but for the sake of brevity, we'll stick to the most common cited. They are: The domination of the band's creative "forecasting" by one Josef Zawinul, and the lack of compositional and ensemble contributions from Wayne Shorter. (though in all fairness to Wayne, his recent artistic drought and other personal struggles must be mentioned here.) Whatever the reason or reasons, things are not the same with the gang. At least not to these ears.

Sure, there are a couple of notable moments in this collection, and Wayne Shorter lovers will delight in the all too brief sunlight and lyricism of his "Plaza Real." It takes one back to the more poetic, egalitarian days of the band, and it is also one of the few times the band's new rhythm section rises above their otherwise capable anonymity. Other honors go to Zawinul's "Where The Moon Goes", a Middle East meets the funk composition featuring Manhattan Transfer on vocals. The song's about music and life — how we should celebrate them and all. Remember when those thoughts were present in the instrumental Weather Report — and the music was oh so good?

R.M.J.

Personal Effects Personal Effects Cachalot Records

Moev Zimmerkampf Go! Records

Here's two of the newest and brightest of the new thang: Personal Effects from Rochester, N.Y. and Moev from Vancouver, B.C. (now San Francisco, CA). These two bands flaunt the barriers defining musical categories erected by rock critics and radio consultants.

Personal Effects is a 5-song ep that shows off the intelligent pop chops of the 4-member band. Lead singer and main songwriter Peggy Fournier has a kind of detached dreamy singing style that meshes with the music quite nicely. Her vocals, soprano sax and organ playing are put to their best use in the atmospheric killer track "Love Never Thinks" and "Low Riders." The other three are unclassifiably excellent. Personal Effects are comers.

Moev is another 4-member group fronted by a woman, but its music is nothing like Personal Effects. While P.E. leans more towards a somewhat spicy minimalistic sound, Moev could give any English synthpop band a stiff challenge. *Zimmerkampf* is all techno-dance; lush but funky. Lead singer Madeline Morris reminds one of Renaissance's Annie Haslem

(really!), but with an ants-in-my-pants-and-I-need-to-dance exuberance. "Madhatter," "90 Minutes," and "In Your Head" stand out but the other 6 tracks keep the pace up.

Personal Effects and Moev give credibility to the homegrown music scene and to the importance of independent record companies.

T.T.

Ultravox Quartet Chrysalis

To these ears, Ultravox has never regained its footing since the 1979 departure of vocalist John Foxx and guitarist Robin Simon. True, replacement front man Midge Ure has adapted well, but the alluring, unsettling edge of the previous lineup exists no more. *Quartet* is the third LP by the current band and ranks as their worst, hands down. Milquetoast pomposity and a monochromatic keyboard sound as annoying as Oh, No! It's Devo make this outing a sleepwalk through the electro-pop territory they once trod with purpose and conviction. Producer George Martin and engineer Geoff Emerick add injury to insult providing a sonic sheen which only deepens the vapidity. Ultravox now is *vox et praetera nihil*. Translation: For Ure-ologists only.

C.M.C.

The Vaughn Nark Quintet Cutting Through Lavenham Records

Vaughn Nark is a Pennsylvania born trumpeter, valve trombonist, and flugelhorn player who resides in the D.C. area and is apparently one of this town's best kept secrets.

So it gives me a great deal of pleasure to play gossip here and tell you that the man's got more chops than a well stocked butcher shop; not that he or his band's intention is centered around flash for flashes sake. Fact of the matter is, the quartet is more than welcome in any number of jazz and jazz derived musics, so that the listener is not left feeling like a schizoid or something. Pianist Stef Scaggiari's "Somewhere In The Sun" is a little too Hallmark Card-like for me, musically speaking, but his crystalline, easy going swing might well make you forgive him in time.

Besides, how bad can a band that plays Gerry Mulligan's "Line For Lyons" be? Not bad at all is right.

This band is worth your time and hard earned dollars; discover a pretty good secret, and share it with your friends.

cont. from pg. 32

thing that's happened in D.C. in a long long time.

OBLIGATORY FAMOUS SECTION... Not much to say about famous people this month. A certain UT correspondent drove *The Spoon's Sandy* to a drug store to buy female sanitary things. Who cares, right? *Culture Club's Boy George* wanted no part of the line of ladies outside his dressing room after CC's recent Wax Museum show. Our certain correspondent on the scene reported that when he finally did come out there was a flurry of remarks pertaining to his "plumpness." Yaaawwnnn.

NOW THAT THE STATION HAS BEEN SOLD... The Council For Progressive Radio has elected a board of Directors and Officers. The Officers are Robin Cobbey, Julia Larson, John Goodman, Anton Grobani, Grace Ogden, Larry Brown, Bobby Rencher, Nelson Kline, Susan Gearhart, Richard Waysdorf and Ed Abramson. WHFS' attitude toward these folks was hostile at first, but there seems to have been a turn in relations for the better. Good luck with whatever projects you undertake, is what The Word always says.

HOTSHOT CONTESTS... D.C. 101 is going to start accepting home tapes from all you garage players out there. They'll take cassette, reel to reel, studio or home quality recordings — anything! It's just crazy! The program manager is going to pick one song to play every night at 10 p.m. like clockwork, every night. We're talking big-time here! If the song you send in gets selected for airplay you'll get a release form in the mail. The station suggests that if you send in an original tune, it might be a good idea to copywrite it first. WAVA 105 is putting out an album called "Washington Rocks" featuring

cont. from pg. 17

music is only part of that. We rehearse and work hard so that by the time we get to the stage, the music's not really important. We know it's going to be good. As for the rest of the time, we're making either visual statements or verbal statements. It's abstract...the show doesn't take place on stage. It takes place in the whole room."

The Twins in performance are a captivating spectacle, combining choreographed stage poses with spontaneous dancing — all fronted by Tom's emotional, demonstrative vocal interpretations. The stage is set with translucent screen — silhouetting the performers' images and lit with fantastic, dancing colors.

Musically, the band draws equally on reggae and African rhythms and the possibilities of the "technology movement" that's sweeping new wave.

"We're good at getting rhythmic things together," says Joe, "and that tends to end up as a dance-oriented idea. Although we're also working with — well, not exactly ballads — but more cinematic type songs.

"I don't think it's good enough to be able to play your music, because you're also putting out an idea. The people who really make it for me are the ones who can, without being overly intellectual, bung out concepts — let those ideas come out and realize them."

This is not to say that The Thompson Twins aren't musically accomplished. Tom is classically trained, and Joe and Alannah, although they only started playing a few years ago, are very quick studies.

"Percussion is wide open for invention," observes Alannah. "I'm not realy that good at it yet, but I'm learning — so I'll get a lot better. I make things up — I like doing figety things. Like in the studio, I'll say 'I need something like dinosaurs tap dancing on a tin roof'...I work with visual concepts. I like editing tapes and twisting screws."

Joe continues, "Tom, of course, is a brilliant musician. Us two are brilliant other things..."

Alannah: "But we're not telling."

such bands as D.C. Star, Freeze, Monarch, The Drive and Orphan. A winner will be picked from the album to compete with winners from similar albums in other cities. Judges will include noted critic and bon vivant Richard Harrington of the Washington Post. The national prize will be \$25,000 in sound equipment, and that's no joke. **RUMOR SQUELCHED...** There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that Rich Vendig has anything to do with the reopening of the Cellar Door. It's going to be a restaurant. No music. Sorry.

LANDMARKS... Karen Golberg scored when her new pop single, "Secrets," won a week's airplay on Z-104 in Frederick, Maryland. Acrylix has been shuttling back and forth from New York where they've been doing a lot of recording. Word has it that they received a lot of positive signals from some very right people. Wonderful. Julie McGrit of the much acclaimed cabaret entertainment "Julie and Company" has joined the cast of Broadway's "Dream Girl" as understudy to the starring role. Apparently har fans in D.C. miss her a lot, but the show will go on, billed as "The Company." **NOW IT'S OUT...** On Tuesday nights for the past ten months at the Gentry, Kenny Definis has been hosting an open jazz-blues jam. A free jazz-blues jam. Only in America, right? All musicians are welcome to come sit in, and so far the mix has been fairly eclectic with people who play in music schools and people who play on the streets mixing it up. Someone told The Word that it was a hip thing to attend. **THAT'S ALL FOLKS...** The Word has been having a hell of a time getting information, and it would be appreciated if anybody with a band or organization would send juicy tid-bits about themselves to this paper, c/o The Word. What the hey — it's free press.



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CALENDAR

S M T W T F S

APRIL 1983

3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

We must receive calendar listings by the 13th for next month's issue, gallery listing are due by the 10th. Calendar listings are free. To be included, MAIL your schedule, tell us which category you want it to appear in, and include your telephone numbers. Only late changes and addition to schedules already mailed to us will be accepted by phone. All events must be open to the public.

The Alexandria Harmonizers Barbershop Chorus: 8, 9 at 8-T.C. Williams High School, Alex, VA
Alexandria Seaport Festivals: 22-24—Old Town Alexandria Aive: 13&14 at 9&11—Blues Alley
American University Chorale: 18 at 8—Kay Spiritual Life Center, American University
American University Jazz and Wind Ensembles: 24 at 3—Woods-Brown Amphitheatre
American University Singers: 19 at 8—Kay Spiritual Life Center, American University
Arlo Allen Orchestra: 30 at 8—w/the Moya ensemble and dancers, YWCA Penney Auditorium, Washington, D.C.
Bluemont Country Dance: 9 at 8—w/Genevieve Shimer and friends, Bluemont School, Bluemont, VA
The Bowie Knights of Harmony Barbershop Chorus: 7, 8, 9 at 8—Publick Playhouse, Cheverly, MD
Gwendolyn Brooks, Etta Cox, Al Dowe & Ensemble: 10, 11—poetry and music, Wolf Trap Barns
Capitol Quadrille Quicksteps: 15 at 8:30—Glen Echo Park Spanish Ballroom
Bob Clayton: 28 at 8—House of Musical Traditions
Darji and the Genes of Jazz: 3 at 2—Washington Hilton International Ballroom
Simon Estes: 24 at 7:30—Joseph Meyerhoff Symphony Hall, Balt, MD
5th Annual Blake Heart Run: 23 at 8—American Heart Association's benefit, West Potomac Park
Dan Fogelberg: 19—Cole Field House, U.MD, 454-4546
GMU Jazz Ensemble: 27 at 8—North Campus Auditorium, George Mason University, Ffx.
Paul Geremia: 14 at 8—House of Musical Traditions
Ronnie Gilbert & Holly Near: 15 at 10:30—8:00 show sold-out/Lisner Auditorium
Sheila Gordon: 10—Corcoran Gallery
Paul Hill Washington Singers: 1 at 7:30—“Love Notes,” rescheduled Valentine's Day concert, Kennedy Center, Terrace Theater
Hispanic Folkloric Concert: 8 at 8—Lisner Auditorium
Leana Horne: 29-May 29—Warner
Bibiana Huang: 8 at 7, 9 at 2pm—mixed media event “Lunar Period.” Free, U of MD Women's Center
Dave Jasen: 17 at 2—Kitt Jordan Studio, 2748 Gallows Road, Merrifield, VA
Kim Jones: 30—outdoors, afternoon WPA
Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz: 10 at 4—Corcoran Gallery of Art
Journey: 2—Cap Centre
B.B. King, Bobby “Blue” Bland and Memphis Slim: 29 at 8; 30 at 9am-5pm—Colloquium on the “Memphis Blues Tradition;” 30 at 8pm—Memphis Blues Film Festival, Baird Auditorium, Museum Natural History, 357-1500
Jill Kroesen: 11—WPA
Beth Lapidus: 23 at 10—d.c. space
McLean Chamber Orchestra: 17 at 3—w/Jim Vance narrating “The Man Who Invented Music,” McLean Community Center, 883-2152
Johnny Moynihan: 29—Folklore Society concert, 281-2228
The Navy Band Commodores: 15, 22, 29 at 8—Departmental Auditorium
The New String Quartet: 16 at 8—Bluemont School, Bluemont, VA
The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: 15 at 8&11—Colony Ballroom U of MD
Noise Performance Festival: 26 at 8:30—w/Psychodrama, Howard Wuelffing's I Can II, Chicken Kisses and local films; The Community Center, 1638 R St, NW, 591-4753
The Obsessed, Death Row, Hellion and Asylum: 22 at 9—Wilson Center, 15th & Irving St, NW
Michael Parent: 21 at 8—House of Musical Traditions
Mark Pauline: 23—outdoors, afternoon WPA
Prince George's County Asian Festival: 17 at noon-5pm—Prince George's County Community College, Largo, MD
Return to Forever: 7 at 8—Constitution Hall

Perry Robinson: 10 at 1—Free, Bumper Car Pavilion, Glen Echo Park
Rhythm Masters: 23—GW University cruise on the Potomac River
Spring Arts and Crafts Fair: 15-17—Montgomery County Fairgrounds, Gaithersburg, MD (301)831-9191
Square Dance: 9 at 8—Arlington Forest Methodist Church, 528-3202 or 522-9312
The Thompson Twins: 18—w/Nona Hendryx, Ontario Theater
United States Marine Band: 3 at 3—Sousa Band Hall, Marine Barracks
The Waverly Consort: 16 at 8:30—U of MD Center of Adult Education Auditorium
The Wild Cats: 7 at 8—House of Musical Traditions
George Winston, Alex DeGrassi, Liz Story: 20 at 9—Wax Museum
Stephanie Woodard: 4—WPA
Paul Zaloom: 11 at 8—WPA, 783-0360
Peter Zummo and Stephanie Woodard: 4 at 8—WPA, 347-8304

OUT OF TOWNSERS

The Bangles: 28—w/Underheaven, 9:30 Club
Birthday Party: 10—w/Social Suicide; 9:30 Club
B-Movie: 14—9:30 Club
Gary U.S.Bonds: 21—Bayou
The Bongos: 21—w/The Love Commandos, 9:30 Club
The Bopcats: 20—Bayou
Paul Carrack & Noise To Go feat. Nick Lowe: 4—Bayou
Dangerous Birds: 23—w/Dolce Vita, 9:30 Club
Die Haut: 15—w/Here Today, 9:30 Club
The Fall: 9—w/Wanabest, 9:30 Club
Flipper: 17—w/Artless, 9:30 Club
Robert Hazard: 8—Wax Museum
Husker Du: 24—w/Government Issue, 9:30 Club
The Incredible Casuals: 8—w/switchblade, 9:30 Club
Garland Jeffreys: 7—Bayou
Steve Morse & Morse Code: 4—w/Paris, Wax Museum
Tom Paxton: 19—Birchmere
“Rape Crisis Center Benefit”: 3/31—Insect Surfers, Tru Fax and the Insanias & Dynettes, Bayou
The Rockats: 16—9:30 Club
Roomfull of Blues: 6—Bayou
Richard Strange: 30—9:30 Club
Taj Mahal and John Hammond: 5—Bayou
Target Video: 3—9:30 Club
Vandenberg: 7—Bayou
Violent Femmes: 22—9:30 Club
Virgin Prunes: 2—w/Velvet Monkeys, 9:30 Club
Windham Hill Showcase: 20—George Winston, Alex D Grassix and Liz Story, Wax Museum
Wuf Ticket and The Stickmen: 29—9:30 Club

ORIGINAL ROCK

The Acrylix: 9—Friendship Station
Amsterdam: 15—Friendship Station; 29—Gentry
Bazz Atlas: 4—Oliver's; 13—Friendship Station
Black Sheep: 2—d.c. space
The Blind: 10—Upstairs 704
Blue Lunch: 28—Friendship Station
Johnny Bombay & The Reactions: 8, 9—Upstairs 704
Boys Meet Girls: 7—Psychedelic
Burk Brothers Band: 23—Gentry
Jon Carroll & Metro: 10, 23—Quincy's
The Casuals feat. Johnny Sportcoat: 2—J.J.'s, Charlottesville; 14—EN Jam, U-Va; 16—Hampton Sydney, Phil
The Cheaters: 2—Psychedelic

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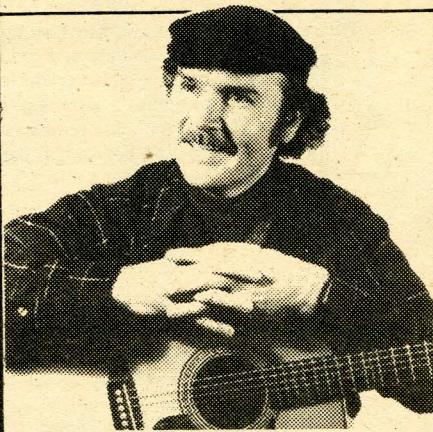
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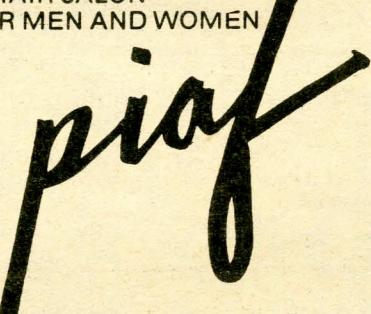
Count 4: 28—Gentry
 M. Colburn & The Other World: 16—Gentry
 Debrief & Strard: 30—Upstairs 704
 The Diversions: 1,2—Club Soda: 16—Friendship Station
 Dub Itrator (reggae): 29—Montego Bay Club, Alex.
 Dynettes: 8,9—Club Soda; 29—Friendship Station
 Encouter: 7—Psychedelic
 The Essentials: 8—Wax Museum w/Robert Hazzard;
 14,15—Upstairs 704; 16—VCU, Richmond; 22—Going
 Bananas, Richmond; 23—C&O, Charlottesville;
 26—Friendship Station
 Freeze: 8—Gentry; 9,23—The Peake; 28—Oliver's
 French Are From Hell: 7—Gentry
 Government Issue: 24—9:30 Club
 Here Today: 15—9:30 Club; 21—Friendship Station
 The Incredible Casuals: 8—9:30 Club
 The Insect Surfers: 30—Friendship Station
 Intentions: 22—Gentry
 The Item: 10—Gentry; 22—Psychedelic
 Interface: 21—Upstairs 704
 Evan Johns & the H-Bombs: 1—Wax Museum;
 22,23—Friendship Station; 29,30—Club Soda
 Tommy Keene Band: 8—Friendship Station
 The Love Commandos: 21—9:30 Club
 Mach 5: 7—Gentry
 Magenta Rose: 1,2,8,28,29—Kramerbooks; 30—Gentry
 Male Model: 1—9:30 Club
 Midlife Crises: 29,30—Artie's
 Moving Parts: 30—Gentry
 MWV: 9—Friendship Station
 MX: 22—Gentry
 The New Executives: 7,28—Upstairs 704
 9353: 18—Friendship Station
 No Excuses: 14—Friendship Station; 22—Upstairs 704; 23—Fat
 Chance, Balt.
 Pegasus: 1,2—Arties; 3—Sandbar; 4—Rumors, M St;
 8—Oliver's; 9—Wash. Country Club; 19-23—The Bastille;
 28—Wild West; 29—Trinity College; 30—Wax Museum
 Perfect Circle: 14—Friendship Station
 Popular Secrets: 9—d.c. space; 14—9:30 Club
 Private Sector: 17—Upstairs 704
 Radio Silence: 4—Friendship Station
 The Reactions: 23—Gentry; 27—Friendship Station
 Red Sink: 29—d.c. space
 Reddy Teds: 1—Wax Museum
 RPMS Rock N Roll: 24—Upstairs 704
 Johnny Seaton Band: 1—Friendship Station
 Seductores: 1—Psychedelic; 22—Fat Chance, Balt;
 23—Friendship Station; 30—Parrot Club
 "69": 8,9—Psychedelic
 Ned Sepman Orchestra: 28—Friendship Station
 Shock: 15—Gentry
 Sidewinders: 1,16—Upstairs 704
 Single: 1—d.c. space
 The Sleepers: 15—Gentry; 27—Friendship Station
 Slicker Boys: 1—9:30 Club; 8—Benny's, Richmond;
 9—Catholic Univ; 15—Psychedelic; 22—Wax Museum;
 23—Maxwell's Hoboken, NJ
 Brad Smiley Band: 20—Quincy's
 Social Suicide: 10—9:30 Club
 Specimen Fred: 18—Friendship Station
 Spot: 3—Upstairs 704
 Sport Turned Spectacle: 22—d.c. space; 25—Friendship
 Station
 Squeeze Louise: 1—Psychedelic
 Static Disruptors: 8—d.c. space
 Strand: 16—Gentry
 Switchblade: 8—9:30 Club; 15—Psychedelic
 Trufax & The Insanias: 30—Friendship Station
 Twister: 4—Friendship Station; 22—Gentry; 29—Upstairs 704
 The Unconquered People: 2—Friendship Station
 Underheaven: 15—d.c. space; 28—9:30 Club
 Velvet Monkeys: 2—9:30 Club
 Wanabeast: 9—9:30 Club
 w/Out Eye: 29—Gentry
 Working Class: 13—Friendship Station; 28—Gentry
 Young Caucasians: 2—Upstairs 704

IRISH

Alexandri Pipe Band: Thu—Ireland's Own
 Celtic Folk: Tue-Sat—Ireland's Own
 Celtic Thunder: 2—Dubliner; 25—Four Provinces, w/FFV reunion
 Corrib Folk: 3 aft, 4,5,10aft, 11,12—Dubliner; 5—9—Moriarty's
 Danny Doyle: 17aft, 18,19,24 aft, 25,26,30—Dubliner
 FFV Reunion: 25—w/Celtic Thunder, Four Provinces
 Pat Garvey: Sun—Ireland's Own
 Jim Hartley: Mon—Irish Village
 Irish Breakdown: 1,9,13-17,19-23,27-30—Four Provinces
 Irish Tradition: Thu—Sat—Kelly's Irish Times
 James Keane & Robbie O'Connell: 20-24,27-30—Dubliner
 Seamus Kennedy: 19-23,26-30—Irish Village
 Johnny Longbottom: 1-4,22-25,29,30—Murphy's
 Liam Maguire: 10,12,24—Four Provinces; 6-9,13-17—Dubliner,
 19-23,26-30—Moriarty's
 Bobby Malcolm: 8-11, 15-18—Murphy's
 Johnny Moynihan: see Concerts
 Norrie Norett: 5,9,12-16—Irish Village
 Paddy Riley: 1,2(6-9),3—Dubliner
 Roaring Gael: 4,11,18,25—Four Provinces
 Shandy: Tue-Sat—Murphy's
 Washington Scottish Pipe Band: 17 at 3pm-Midnight—fundraiser,
 Irish Village

FOLK & ACOUSTIC

Jan Anderson: 7, 14, 28—Gallagher's Pub
 Bill Baker: 5, 12—Food For Thought
 Ken Beduhn: 2—Potter's House
 John Begg: 13—Tucson Cantina
 Mac Bogert: 6, 13, 22, 27—Kramerbooks
 Rick Bowles: 1, 2—Boar's Head
 Bowling Green John Cephas & Harmonica Phil Wiggins: 9,
 30—Kramerbooks
 Rob Bowman: Sun.—Il Porto
 Brandywine: 6, 7, 22—The Peake
 Pam Bricker: 5, 12, 21, 26—Kramerbooks
 Larry Burnett: 6—Tucson Cantina

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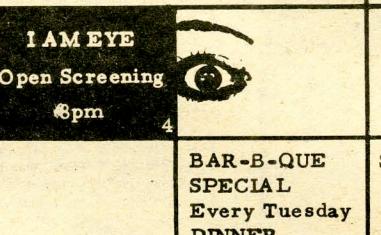
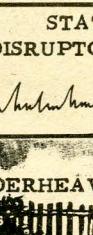
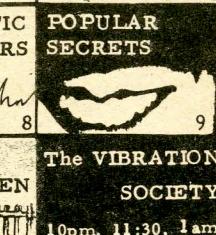
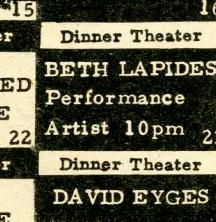
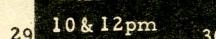
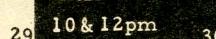
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April 16, THE VIBRATION SOCIETY - THE music of Rahsaan Roland Kirk played by a quintet led by HILTON RUIZ.

April 30, DAVID EYGES TRIO - Cellist/composer Eyges leads the great drum innovator SUNNY MURRAY and alto
 saxophonist BYARD LANCASTER.

April 23, BETH LAPIDES presents "Crash Course" with music by Bill Obrecht.

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Tom Burns: 11—Food For Thought
Mary-Chapin Carpenter: 13, 20, 27, 29—Food For Thought; 19, 23—Kramerbooks

Patrick Carrot: Wed.—open mike host, Gallagher's On the Hill

Cordie "Leprechaun" Cerdle: 9, 15, 21, 28—Food For Thought

City Folk: Wed.—Gallagher's Pub

Clean Dirt: 15—Gallagher's On the Hill; 22—Tucson Cantina

The Company: 1—Food For Thought

Robert Bruce Cummings: alternate Sun.—open mike host, Gallagher's Pub

David the Piano Man: Sun.—Food For Thought

Jeff Ditchman: 6, 8, 16, 23—Food For Thought; alternate Sun.—open mike host, Gallagher's Pub

Dreamer: 19-23—Boar's Head

Dr. Hot Pepper and His Orchestra: 23—Potter's House

Archie Edwards: see R & B

Eighth Day: 30—Potter's House

Chip Franklin: 5-9—Boar's Head

Hank Gannon: Sun.—Fish Market

Holy Garber: 8, 9—Mr. T's

Graham Goodwin: 1—Prism, Charlottesville

Danny Grotham: 26 (6-9)—Food For Thought

Steve Hamilton: 4—Food For Thought

Connie Herter: 8—Potter's house

Stubby Hiest: Mon.-Sat.—Fish Market Alex.

Rick Hines: 22, 23—Mr. T's

Dave Hollander: 13—Tucson Cantina

Matt Holson: 14—Tucson Cantina

Billy Holt: Sun.—Fish Market Alex.

Laurie Hyde & Blue Mountain: 2, 16—Tucson Cantina; 22—Mt. Vernon College

Dennis Jay w/Joe Johnson: 1—Amer. Univ. Tavern

Jimmy Johnson & J. D. Wright: 1, 23—Tucson Cantina

Buck Kelly: Mon.-Sat.—Fish Market, Alex.

Kat Lyon: 1, 2, 24, 30—Angler's Inn, Falls Ch.: see R & B

Harold Kaufman: Sun.—Fish Market, Georgetown

Little & Finch: 29, 30—Gallagher's Pub

Tom Iofgren: 1, 2—Mr. T's

Johnny Maddow: Mon.-Sat.—Il Porto

Kathy Martin: 29—Gallagher's On the Hill

Jene Miller: 15—Prism

Reuben Mosgrave: 1—w/Bryan Bowers, Blue Marsh Inn,

Wernersville, Pa.; 2, 15, 16, 23, 29—Poor Roberts; 8, 9—La Fonda, N.W.; 14, 22, 30—Food For Thought

Musgrave & Grotham: 19—Food For Thought

Tom O'Connor: 29—Potter's House

Pete Papagorge: 21—Tucson Cantina

Partners: 29-30—Mr. T's

Kim Polk & Jackie Freimor: 9—Prism

Rainbow Gold: 15, 16—Mr. T's

Robin Ready: 27—Tucson Cantina

Robin & Paul: 2—Boar's Head

Teed Rockwell: 8—Tucson Cantina

Daddy's Rose: 7—Tucson Cantina

Dusty Rose: 26-30—Boar's Head

Mike Saah: 28—Tucson Cantina

Larry & Karen Scott: Sun.—Fish Market, Georgetown

Second Story: 9—Tucson Cantina; 21—Tiffany Tavern; 22—Gallagher's On the Hill

Chance Shiver: Tue.—Gallagher's Pub

Chance Shiver & Charlie Bryant: Mon.—open mike host, Gallagher's Pub

John Simson: 14, 21—Peake

Debi & Megan Smith: 1, 2—Gallagher's Pub

Suede: Thu.—Dot's Spot

Summit: 8, 9, 15, 16, 22, 23—Gallagher's Pub

Eddie Tobin: 11-20—Fish Market, Georgetown

Tradewinds: 8, 9—Angler's Inn, Falls Ch.

Trapezoid: 22—Prism

Tucson: 29, 30—Peake

Joe Walker: 7, 14—Tiffany Tavern

Lisa Walker: 21—Gallagher's Pub

Judy Walsh: 22—Potters House

Whole Hog: see Bluegrass

Whitewater: 26, 27—Quincy's Wild Card: 13—Artie's Rowdy Yates & Cottonwood: 7-9—Puff's

R&B AND BLUES

Bill Blue Band: 6—Friendship Station

Jr. Cline & the Recliners: 7, 14—Club Soda; 15, 16—Artie's

Kenny DiFinis: Tue—Gentry; 29—Tucson Cantina

Double Standard: 18, 25—Artie's

Downtown: 1-3—Crazy Horse; 6, 14—Quincy's; 7-10—Beach Club, Ocean City; 11, 18, 25—Rumors, M St;

12, 19, 28-30—Charlie's, Annapolis; 15, 16—Club Soda; 21—City Room, Frederick; 22 at 2-3pm—George Mason University, w/Gary U.S. Bonds; 23—Wax Museum

Archie Edwards: 18(6-9pm), 26—Food For Thought

Headhunters: 6—Friendship Station; 10—Fat Chance, Balt;

28—Maxim's

Headhunters: 8—A.U.; 9—Catholic Univ; 23—Parrot Club;

28—Mt. Vernon College

Honey Drippers: 5—Friendship Station

The Incredible Snakes: 17—Friendship Station

The Jump: 1—Friendship Station; 9—Oliver's

Kat Lyon: 1, 2—Angler's Inn, Falls Ch.; 8, 9, 22, 23—Mike's, Annapolis; 19—Pickett Inn, Fairfax

The Monarchs: 3/31, 28—Club Soda

Nighthawks: 1—Night Flight, Savannah, GA; 2—Elmry-Riddle University, w/George Thorogood & The Destroyers, Daytona Beach, FL; 3—Peanut Gallery, Tampa, FL; 4—Agora, Hallandale, FL; 5&6—Islands, Gainesville, FL; 7—The Duck's Breath Saloon, Warner-Robins, GA; 8—Rumors, Decatur, GA; 9—Rambling Breeze Ranch, Nashville, TN; 10—P.B.

Scott's, Blowing Rock, NC; 15—Frostburg State College, Lane Center, Frostburg, MD; 16—Van Riper's Lake, w/NRBQ, Nelson County, VA; 18—Mancini's, McKees Rock, PA;

19—Imperial Garage, Niagara Falls, NY; 20—Red Creek Inn, Rochester, NY; 21—Lost Horizon, Syracuse, NY;

22—Roadhouse, Washington, MA; 23—St. Michael's College, Winooski, VT; 24—Hunt's, Burlington, VT; 26—Toads, New Haven, CN; 27—Jonathan Swift's, Cambridge, MA;

28—Lupo's, Providence, RI; 29 Bottom Line, New York, NY; 30—Chestnut Cabaret, Phila

Billy Price & the Keystone Rhythm Band: 1—The Decade, Pittsburgh; 2—Hamar House, Cheswick, PA

Tom Principato & Friends: 17—Quincy's; 20—Friendship Station

The Rhythm Masters: 1, 2—C&O, Charlottesville; 8—The Peake; 22—Artie's

Rumbler: 2, 23—Blues Cafe, Richmond; 14—Gentry;

20—Club Soda; 22—Friendship Station; 20—Club Soda

Steve Smith & the Naked: 8, 9—The Attic; 10—Rabbit's Foot

de Smokin' Prestons: 5—Friendship Station

Southland Blues Band featuring John Francis Stevens: 1—Gentry

Soul Crackers: 21, 22—Club Soda

ROCK

Ally: 1, 2—Sports Pub, Alex.

August: 1-3—Maxim's; 7-9—Back Room, Winchester, Va.; 10—Attic; 15, 16, 27—Wild kWest; 21—Oliver's; 23—Chopticon

H.S., Leonardtown, Md.; 25, 26—Silver Fox

Buzzy Linhart: 24—Friendship Station

Capital Rockers: 1, 2—Big Dipper; 6—Wild West; 7-9, 21-23—Maxim's; 11, 12—Silver Fox; 15, 16—Cattle Company; 19, 20—Back Room; 15, 5/1—Bayou

Capture: 19—Oliver's

D. C. Star: 2—Wax Museum

Death Row: 21—Wild West

Debris: 12—Friendship Station

Dixie Suite: 22, 23—Wild kWest

Downton: See R & B

The Drive: 6—Maxim's

Dave Dunbar & The Accelerators: 25, 26—Oliver's

Great Train Robbery: 17—Rabbit's Foot

Hardtimes Band: 5—Oliver's

The Havoc: 7—Friendship Sta.; 21—Gentry

Hellion: 17—Gentry

Hex: 5—Oliver's

The Hubcaps (oldies): 23—Club Soda; 24—Crossroads

Jokers Wild: 12-16—Lucas McCain's

Kid Blast: 14-16—Rabbit's Foot

Kill Devil: 15, 16—Oliver's

Lash: 26, 27—Maxim's

Lucifer: 8, 9—Lucas McCain's

Mannequin: 1, 2, 9, 30—Wild West

Marbles: 4, 5—Maxim's

J. Mills Band: 21-23—Rabbit's Foot

Monarch: 31, 1, 2—Rabbit's Foot; 3, 14—Sandbar; 7—Cattle Company; 8, 9—Wild West; 15, 16—Big Dipper; 18, 19—Silver Fox;

20-23—Old Mills; 26-30—Freetreet Pub, Portland, Ma.

The Name: 3—Friendship Station; 24, 25—Maxim's

Nightrider: 13—Wild West

Obsessed: 17—Gentry

Orphan: 6-9—All American Sports Pub; 13-17—Maxim's; 29-30—Cattle Company, Fredericksburg, Va.

Park Avenue: 18, 19—Oliver's

Parrots: 8—Gentry; 10—Friendship Sta.

The Process: The Process: 11, 12—Maxim's

Ravyns: 14—Wild West; 28—Bayou

Relix: 27-30—Sports Pub

Riptide: 7, 9, 24—Oliver's

Roadducks: 3—Bayou

The Roadhouse Riders: 19—Friendship Sta.

Rock Angel: 20—Maxim's

The Shift: 3/31-3—Old Mill, Williamsport, Md.; 8, 9—Thursdays Pub, Shepardstown, W. Va.; 10—The Sandbar, Pasadena, Md.; 15, 16—The Other Place, Harrisonburg, Va.; 17—The Attic; 18, 19—Maxim's; 21-24—Other Place, Ridgeley, W. Va.; 28-30—Rabbit's Foot

Slash: 26, 27—Maxim's

Spectrum: 7-9—Rabbit's Foot; 20—Wild West

The Spydels: 11—Friendship Sta.; 21—Gentry

The Sting: 28-30—Maxim's

Starrider: 7—Wild West; 10—Maxim's; 13-16—Sports Pub

Sting: 7-9—Other Place, Ridgeley, W. Va.; 20-23—Sports Pub, Alex.; 28-5/1—Maxim's

Talas: 2—Wild West

This n Thin: 19-23—Lucas McCain's



APRIL
6 - 10
Charlie Byrd Trio
13 - 17
John Coates
20 - 24
John Coates
27 - May 1
Ethel Ennis
4 - 8
Ethel Ennis

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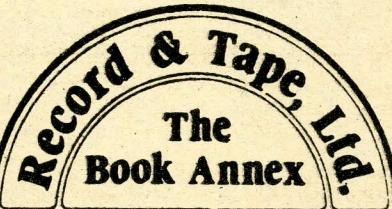
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JAZZ

Alive!: 13, 14—Blues Alley
Ernestine Anderson & Mark Murphy: 3/31 at 3—Charlie's
Mary Blankemeier Quartet: 2-4, 10, 11, 16-18, 23-25,
30—The Wharf; 8, 9—Mr. Henry's
Jamie Broumas Quartet: 1, 2—Dotis Spot
Charlie Byrd Trio: 6-10—King of France
John Coates: 13-17, 20-24—King of France
Come On Swinging: 30—Tucson Cantina
Beverly Cosham: 8, 9, 22, 23—Dot's Spot
Ethel Ennis: 27-5/1—King of France
David Eyes Trio: 30—d.c. space
Pete Fields & Keith Huddock: 8—Gallagher's On the Hill
The Great Guitars: 12-17—Charlie's
Nacha Guevara: 5-10—Charlies
Harold Howland Ensemble Tio: 14—Park Place Cafe
Diane Hubka & The Wade Beach Duo: 1, 2—Park Place
Cafe
Phyllis Hyman: 7-10—Blues Alley
Glenroy Jones Band: Wed., Sun.—Excalibur
Kashmir Jazz Trio W/K. Shalong: Mon.-Sat.—Hyatt Regency, Crystal City
Ramsey Lewis: 3/31—Blues Alley
Carmen McRae: 15-17, 19-24—Blues Alley
Rene Morris: Sat.—Excalibur
Dohn Nunnelly Quartet: Thu.—Excalibur
Deater O'Neill: 3, 10, 17, 24—Top O' The Town; 4, 11, 18,
25—Pirate's Hideaway
Huston Person—Edda Jones Trio: 3/31 at 3—Mr. Y's
Bill Potts Big Band: 4—Blues Alley
Stepps: Blues Alley
Straight Ahead: 29, 30—Ice House Cafe
Maura Sullivan: 15, 16—Dot's Spot
Ralph Turner: 25—Blues Alley
Nap Turner: Fri.—Excalibur
Stanley Turrentine: 26, 5/1—Blues Alley
The Vibration Society: 16—d.c. space
World Saxophone Quartet: 11, 12—Blues Alley

DANCE & MIME

Ava-Teri Dancetheatre: 23 at 8, 24 at 4 & 8—Joy of Motion
Don Bailey, Annie Saifer, Luana Kauffman, Michelle Ava & Robert Teri: 23, 24—Joy of Motion
Steve Bloom & Crux: 9, 10 at—Dance Place
Dance Fest '83: 5/1 at 2pm—midnight—over 25 dance companies from the Wash./Balto. area, YMCA
Evening of Exchange/Pairing Up & Paring Down: 15 at 8—duets and solo in dance, theater, and video, with Isabel-Lee Malone, Cathy Paine, Diane Floyd, Helen Rea & Don Zuckerman, Debra Kanter & Teddy Klaus, and Tish Carter & Nancy Galeota. Dance Exchange, Lansburgh Bldg
Lynda Gattozzi/Rosemary Nolen Dance Company: 23, 24 at 8—Dance Place
Arthur Hall Afro-American Dance Ensemble: 1-3—Discovery Theater, Smithsonian Arts and Industries Bldg.
Nancy Karp: 7-9—Wash. Project for the Arts
Robin Kautz: 21 & 22 at 5—Amer. Univ. Bender Library
Maryland Dance Theater: 17 at 8—Churchill High Sch., Potomac Md.
Open Auditions: 16 at 2:30—Dance Place Summer Touring Company. The Dance Place
Primary Movers: 29 at 8—YMCA
3rd Annual Choreographer's Forum: 30, 5/1 at 8—Richard Epstein, Anne Farmer, Kathy O'Brien Driscoll, Sharon Wyrick and others. Dance Place
Louis Tupler Washington Dance Company: 14 at 7—with the premiere of the dance film "Reed Shadows." Corcoran Gallery Washington Ballet: 15, 16—Goucher College, Balt. 20-23 at 8 & 23 at 2—Lisner Aud.
Lonna Wilkinson: 16, 17 at 8—Dance Place
Stephanie Woodard: 4 at 8—w/trombonist & composer Peter Zummo.
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Blue Denim: 1, 22—Huntsman
Bluegrass Cardinals: 1—Birchmere
Bluegrass Memories: 23—Lucketts Community Center, Luckett's, Va.
Bryan Bowers: 2—Birchmere
Benny & Valley Cain and the Country Clan: 30—Lucketts
Carroll County Ramblers: 16—Lucketts
Cloud Valley: 16—Huntsman
Country Gentlemen: 15—Birchmere
J.D. Crowe & the New South: 29, 30—Birchmere
Dixie Riegn: 9—Lucketts'; 29, 30—Huntsman
Durham Station: 15—Tiffany Tavern
Jack Fincham & the Dixie Grass: 30—Lucketts
Foggy Bottom: 22—Birchmere
Grim Pickers: 9—Tiffany Tavern
Bill Harrell & the Virginians: 16—Lucketts
Heritage: 16—Partners II
Hobby & Partners: Sat.—Partners II
Johnson Mountain Boys: 4, 5 (live album recording session)—Birchmere; 10—Gatsby's, w/Patent Pending and Lee Michael Demsey
Local Tomatoes: 6, 20—O'Brien's Pit, Bethesda; 10, 5/1—Irish Village
Lost & Found: 23—Partners II
Leon Morris & the Bluegrass Association: 2—Tiffany Tavern
The Mountain Laurel: 2—Country Roads, Hedgesville, W.Va.; 8, 9—Chesapeake Tavern, Fredericksburg, Va.; 13, 27—O'Brien's Pit, Bethesda
New Mode Grass: 23—Huntsman
Old Friends: 16, 29, 30—Tiffany Tavern
Patent Pending: 1—Tiffany Tavern; 2—Lucketts'; 7—Nick's Cafe, Martinsburg, W. Va.; 9—Captain's Table, Coles Pt., Va.; 19—Gatsby's, w/Johnson Mtn. Boys and Lee Michael Demsey; 15, 16—Cub Hill, Carney, Md.; 17—Airport Inn, Frederick, Md.; 22—Winter's Run, Joppa, Md.; 23—Coolfont Recreation, Berkeley Springs, W. Va.
Radford Brothers: 9—Lucketts
Phil Rosenthal & Wildflower: 6—Birchmere
Seldom Scene: Thur. 23—Birchmere
Charlie Smith & the Potomac Valley Boys: 23—Lucketts
Stars & Bars: 8, 23—Tiffany Tavern
Stoney Ridge: 9—Partners II
Swinging Bridge Grass: 22—Tiffany Tavern
Uptown Grass: Fri. & Sat.—O'Carroll's
Jerry Jeff Walker: 16—Birchmere
WAMU Fund Raiser: 24—Wayne Yates, Foggy Bottom, Jimmy Arnold, Bill Harrold, Phil Rosenthal, Chris Stife. Old Friends—Birchmere
Whetstone Run: 2—Partners II; 20—Birchmere
Johnny Whistnaut & the Bluegrass kind: 2—Lucketts
Winding Creek: 2—Huntsman

CLASSICAL & CHAMBER

Air Force Chamber Players: 13 & 27—free, Anderson House, NW
Cecilia Chang: 13 at 7:30—mezzo soprano—Twinbrook Library, Rockville
The Cleveland Quartet: 29—Corcoran Gallery; 30 at 8:30—U. Md. Adult Education Center
Contemporary Music Forum: 18 at 8—Corcoran Gallery
The Folger Consort: 9-11—Folger Library
Heinz Holliger: 22 at 8:30—oboist. Ken Cen Concert Hall
Houston Symphony Orchestra: 24 at 8:00—Ken Cen Concert Hall
Cecile Licad: 8 at 8:30—pianist. Ken Cen Concert Hall
Kennedy Center Handel Festival: 23—“Theodora.” Ken Cen
London Symphony Orchestra: 28 at 7:30—Ken Cen Concert Hall
McLean Chamber Orchestra: 17 at 3—“Concert for the young of all ages” with Jim Vance narrating “The Man Who Invented Music.” McLean Community Center
Carlos Montya: 9 at 8:30—guitarist. Ken Cen Concert Hall
Music From Marlboro: 9:30—Library of Congress
Naval Academy Brass Quintet: 19 at 7:30—Davis Library, Bethesda, Free
Qymora: 7 at 8:15—Univ. Md., Student Union Atrium
Plum: 9 at 8:30—St. Mark's Episcopal Church, SE; 10 at 5—St. Patrick's Episcopal Church, NW
Prince George's Philharmonic: 16—Northwestern H.S., Hyattsville
Prince George's Symphony Orchestra: 23 at 8—Roosevelt High School, Greenbelt
San Francisco Symphony: 30 at 6—Ken Cen Concert Hall
The Shoestring Orchestra: 12 at 8:30—free. Christ Church, Capitol Hill
Spencer Schuyler and James Reeves: 18 at 7:30—pianists. Twinbrook Library, Rockville
Smithson String Quartet: 11—Nat. Museum of Amer. History, free
Takoma Brass Quintet: 17 at 7:30—St. Columba's Episcopal Church, NW
Tokyo String Quartet: 8 at 8:30—Corcoran Galfery
Univ. of Md. Opera Theatre Production for Children: 10 at 2—Tawes Hall, U. Md.
The Washington Camerata: 9 at 3—Anderson House, NW, free
Washington Sinfonia: 23 at 8—St. Mark's Church, SE, free
The Waverly Consort: 16 at 8:30—U. Md., Adult Education Center
Wondrous Machine: 22 at 8—“A German Baroque Festival.” Dumbarton Church, Georgetown
Jo Ann Stephano Young: 10 at 8—Mezzo—soprano, G.W.U., Marvin Center

POETRY

Nancy Ancrom and Elizabeth Lechliter: 15 at 12:15—The Phillips Collection
Frederick Bush: 18 at 8:00pm—George Mason University
Andrei Codrescu: 6—University of Baltimore
Des Egan: 5—Second Story Books, P St, NW
Donald Justine: 6 at 8:30pm—American University
Geraldine Little and Nancy Calman: 7 at 12:15—Folger Library
Open Reading: 9-5 min. segments, Potter's House, NW
Poetry Hotline: 783-POET
Julia Randall: 20—University of Baltimore
Source Play Reading: 3, 10 and 17 at 5:00—Source Theatre
Frank Stewart and Shirley Cochrane: 28 at 12:15—Folger Library
Elizabeth Sullam and Julia Fields: 14 at 12:15—Folger Library
Jean Valentine: 18 at 8:00 pm—Folger Library
Washington Poets Workshop: 21 at 8:00pm—The Art Barn
Reed Whittemore: 22 at 8:00pm—Montpelier Cultural Arts Center
Terence Winch and Bill Holland: 7 at 8—musicians of Celtic Thunder and Rent's Due. Takoma Pk. Library

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TRU FAX

rock and roll is no longer a novelty, but there is still something about a girl with a guitar. A few have even gone as far to have "I (red heart) Diana" buttons printed up, which they presumably don't wear to church.

Fans from all over write Quinn and ask her for dates. Other errant souls call her (listed) phone and ask her out, which alternately angers and amuses Wells.

The fans respond rapidly even when the band is less than brilliant. When the band is at top form, however, they strut around, knowing they were right all along.

"Love Love Love" is the usual leadoff. An "anti-love" song (I need mental stuff/love's too dumb for me") it fulfills the requirement that an Insaniacs song can't portray romance in a positive light. Their originals draw from these presented on last year's album, along with several others written before and since. "Pictures of You," "Big Stone Things" and "Murder for Hire" are the best of the new crop, but an observer familiar with the band doesn't know exactly what turn any song will take.

Quinn's light, airy voice can suffer at the hands of Wells' and Mariotte's bombastic instrumental approach. When the two forces blend the resulting sound is, to use one of Quinn's favorite words, "godlike". Still, it doesn't always work, and too often the subtleties of Quinn's vocals are lost.

This has not been true at the two Insaniacs appearances at the Wax Museum. It is there, powered by a PA system that is not intimidated by Wells' whitenoise guitar, that they have achieved their finest hours. At their peak, Mariotte's drumming drills directly through the listener's skull, while Bob Young's bass lines are computed by his slinking physical presence.

An eccentric selection of covers add to the originals, and while the band has been known to showcase a mindless version of "Do Ya," most voicers fit the cockeyed Insaniac mode.

There seems to be no reason for "Shakin' All Over" or "Secret Agent Man," except for the fact that they're fun. Perhaps their best cover is "If I Were President," as performed by the venerable Olive Oyl and learned from an old Popeye cartoon. Quinn alternately dedicates it to Alan Cranston, Gary Hart, Reagan or anyone else who has entered the presidential fray.

All throughout, they are still an intellectual band. It becomes a challenge to decipher the political/current-events chatter that Quinn throws out, augmenting and revising each performance of familiar songs. As a Dynette, Quinn adds physical shenanigans to their interpretation of girl-group hits. As an Insaniac, she is literally a different person. She is almost totally stationary. Contrary to the Dynettes' low budget finery, she is often dressed in absolute black.

And at the end, we must address the future. I could talk about an upcoming show, new albums or the plans to record two new songs for a Bill Asp sponsored sampler of local bands. Instead I'll just go back to Wells, who is still perched atop that stool, fidgeting and scrawling.

I could talk about an upcoming shows new Q: Let's leave the present and the microscopic for a moment. What is the Insaniacs' view as to where they are going?

A: Oh, boy, micro-Insaniomics. We believe that public awareness will again awaken as it did in the 1960s. Only this time...

Q: What? You think the 'new awakening' will be like the sixties? What will be different?

A: For a while, people will be less educated. Then they will smarten up and destroy all the television. Then they will have an edge on their stupid parents who will still be addicted. And then the structure of mass production will change through the creation of the "Everyman's RONCO CAD/CAM hand held speak-a-form voice-operated THINGMAKER.

Q: That's quite a theory.

A: It's quite a future.

THE SPOONS

don't live the same sort of like as, say, my brother. He's married, working nine to five..."

Gordon continues, "I remember reading about movie stars. It seems they live in something called 'liminality'. It's where you live in a completely different world and feel really disconnected from other things. Lots of things don't really matter — and you feel like you can do almost anything and get away with it. Not that we're really crazy or anything. But you always travel and you forget what time it is. Where you are. What day it is. And I can imagine how — who's that old movie character? — Norma Desmond (*Sunset Boulevard*) felt when it was all over. It's like the floor falling out."

One of the drawbacks of many interviews is that you are required to talk to the band's "spokesman" — so you never hear the other side of things from the rest of the group. Well, at least I'm able to ask about absent band members.

Khaaryn: Tell me about the other band members.

Gordon: The two midgets?

Sandy: Derrick's six feet tall. He's the James Dean of the group. He's the macho guy.

Gordon: Can't stand him.

Sandy: He's the cool dude in the band. Every band's got a cool dude.

Gordon: He sleeps-in. What time is it?

Khaaryn: Five o'clock.

Gordon: Yeah, he's still sleeping-in right now.

Sandy: Then Rob is...well, he's blonde, he's really tall...

Gordon: He's the heartthrob. Our David Sylvian clone.

One thing that's very striking about The Spoons is that they are all very attractive. And you know that they know it, and that they use it...but also that deep down they don't really care.

Remarks Gordon, "We just try to be very clean cut and optimistic. That pretty much sums up our image."

WED 27

The Misfits ('61) 9:00 AFI
Fundi: The Story of Ella Baker, The Last to Know, & Quilts in Women's Lives 6:30 AFI
Doctor Zhivago ('65) BIO

THU 28

The Teahouse of the August Moon ('56) 6:15 AFI
The Great Madcap ('49) & Daughter of Deceit ('51) 8:30 AFI
Barfoot in the Park 9:00 CCM
Dr. Zhivago ('65) BIO

FRI 29

King of Hearts ('66) & The Last Metro ('80) BIO

SAT 30

King of Hearts ('66) & The Last Metro ('80) BIO

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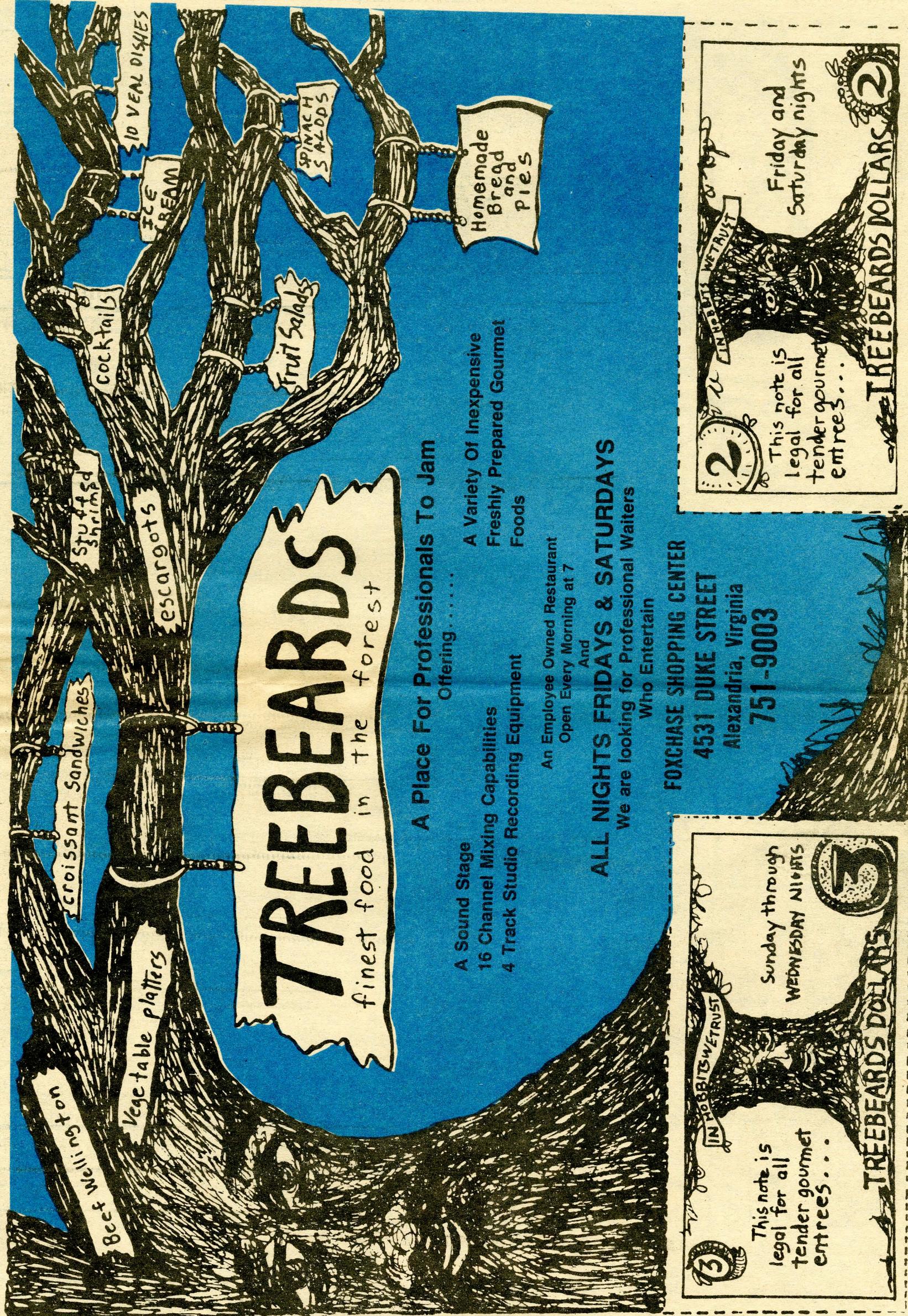
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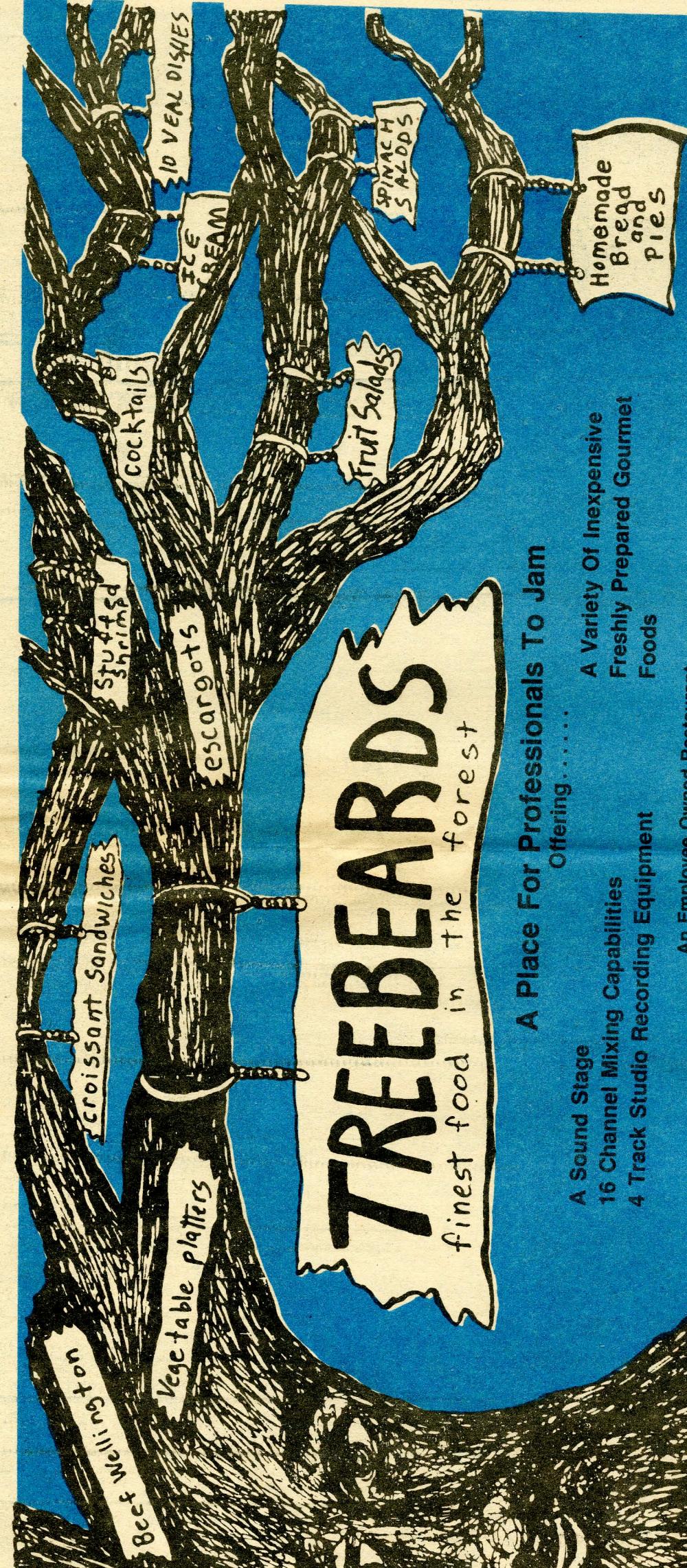
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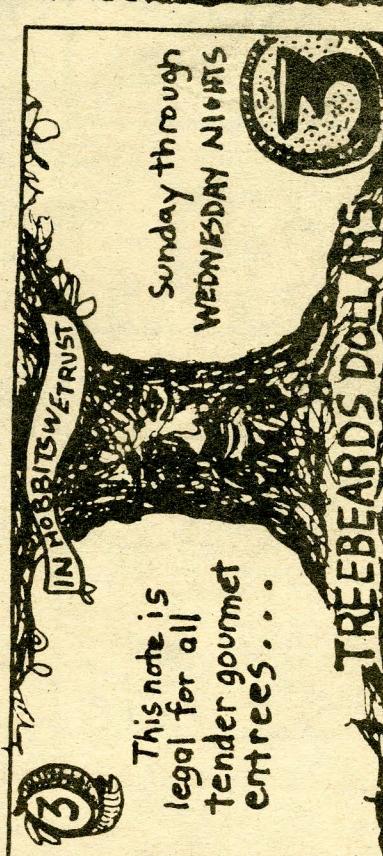
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